

SAINT PAULS.

May, 1872.

SEPTIMIUS.

A ROMANCE OF IMMORTALITY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(Continued from p. 367.)

SEPTIMIUS was sitting in his room, as the afternoon wore away; because, for some reason or other, or quite as likely, for no reason at all; he did not air himself and his thoughts, as usual on the hill; so he was sitting musing, thinking, looking into his mysterious manuscript, when he heard Aunt Keziah moving in the chamber above. First she seemed to rattle a chair; then she began a slow, regular beat with the stick which Septimius had left by her bedside, and which startled him strangely—so that, indeed, his heart beat faster than the five-and-seventy throbs to which he was restricted by the wise rules that he had digested. So he ran hastily upstairs, and behold, Aunt Keziah was sitting up in bed, looking very wild; so wild, that you would have thought she was going to fly up chimney the next minute; her grey hair all dishevelled, her eyes staring, her hands clutching forward, while she gave a sort of howl, what with pain and agitation.

"Seppy! Seppy!" said she, "Seppy, my darling! are you quite sure you remember how to make that precious drink?"

"Quite well, Aunt Keziah," said Septimius, inwardly much alarmed by her aspect, but preserving a true Indian composure of outward mien. "I wrote it down, and could say it by heart besides. Shall I make you a fresh pot of it? for I have thrown away the other."

"That was well, Seppy," said the poor old woman, "for there is something wrong about it; but I want no more, for, Seppy dear, I am going fast out of this world, where you, and that precious drink, were my only treasures and comforts. I wanted to know if you remembered the recipe; it is all I have to leave you, and the more you drink of it, Seppy, the better. Only see to make it right!"

"Dear auntie, what can I do for you?" said Septimius, in much

consternation, but still calm. "Let me run for the doctor—for the neighbours. Something must be done."

The old woman contorted herself as if there were a fearful time in her insides; and grinned, and twisted the yellow ugliness of her face, and groaned, and howled; and yet there was a tough and fierce kind of endurance with which she fought with her anguish, and would not yield to it a jot, though she allowed herself the relief of shrieking savagely at it—much more like a defiance than a cry for mercy.

"No doctor! no woman!" said she; "if my drink could not save me, what would a doctor's foolish pills and powders do? And a woman? If old Martha Denton, the witch, were alive, I would be glad to see her. But other women! Pah! Ah! Ai! Oh! Phew! Ah, Seppy, what a mercy it would be now if I could set to and blaspheme a bit, and shake my fist at the sky. But I'm a Christian woman, Seppy—a Christian woman!"

"Shall I send for the minister, Aunt Keziah?" asked Septimius, "He is a good man, and a wise one."

"No minister for me, Seppy," said Aunt Keziah, howling as if somebody were choking her. "He may be a good man and a wise one, but he's not wise enough to know the way to my heart, and never a man as was! Eh, Seppy, I'm a Christian woman, but I'm not like other Christian women; and I'm glad I'm going away from this stupid world. I've not been a bad woman, and I deserve credit for it, for it would have suited me a great deal better to be bad. Oh, what a delightful time a witch must have had, starting off up chimney on her broomstick at midnight, and looking down from aloft in the sky on the sleeping village far below, with its steeple pointing up at her, so that she might touch the golden weathercock! You, meanwhile, in such an ecstasy, and all below you the dull, innocent, sober humankind; the wife sleeping by her husband, or mother by her child, squalling with wind in its stomach; the goodman driving up his cattle and his plough—all so innocent, all so stupid, with their dull days just alike, one after another. And you up in the air, sweeping away to some nook in the forest! Ha! What's that now? A wizard! Ha! ha! Known below as a deacon! There is Goody Chickering! How quietly she sent the young people to bed after prayers! There is an Indian; there a nigger; they all have equal rights and privileges at a witch-meeting. Phew! the wind blows cold up here! Why does not the Black Man have the meeting at his own kitchen hearth? Ho! ho! Oh, dear me! But I'm a Christian woman and no witch; but those must have been gallant times!"

Doubtless it was a partial wandering of the mind that took the poor old woman away on this old-witch flight; and it was very curious and pitiful to witness the compunction with which she returned to herself, and took herself to task for the preference which, in her wild nature, she could not help giving to harum-scarum

wickedness over tame goodness. Now she tried to compose herself, and talk reasonably and godly.

"Ah, Septimius, my dear child, never give way to temptation, nor consent to be a wizard, though the Black Man persuade you ever so hard. I know he will try. He has tempted me, but I never yielded, never gave him his will; and never do you, my boy, though you, with your dark complexion, and your brooding brow, and your eye veiled, only when it suddenly looks out with a flash of fire in it, are the sort of man he seeks most, and that afterward serves him. But don't do it, Septimius. But if you could be an Indian, methinks it would be better than this tame life we lead. 'Twould have been better for me, at all events. Oh, how pleasant 'twould have been to spend my life wandering in the woods, smelling the pines and the hemlock all day, and fresh things of all kinds, and no kitchen-work to do—not to rake up the fire, nor sweep the room, nor make the beds—but to sleep on fresh boughs in a wigwam, with the leaves still on the branches that made the roof! And then to see the deer brought in by the red hunter, and the blood streaming from the arrow-dart! Ah! and the fight too! and the scalping! and, perhaps, a woman might creep into the battle, and steal the wounded enemy away of her tribe and scalp him, and be praised for it! Oh, Seppy, how I hate the thought of the dull life women lead! A white woman's life is so dull! Thank heaven, I'm done with it! If I'm ever to live again, may I be whole Indian, please my Maker!"

After this goodly outburst, Aunt Keziah lay quietly for a few moments, and her skinny claws being clasped together, and her yellow visage grinning, as pious an aspect as was attainable by her harsh and pain-distorted features, Septimius perceived that she was in prayer. And so it proved by what followed, for the old woman turned to him with a grim tenderness on her face, and stretched out her hand to be taken in his own. He clasped the bony talon in both his hands.

"Seppy, my dear, I feel a great peace, and I don't think there is so very much to trouble me in the other world. It won't be all house-work, and keeping decent, and doing like other people there. I suppose I needn't expect to ride on a broomstick—that would be wrong in any kind of a world—but there may be woods to wander in, and a pipe to smoke in the air of heaven; trees to hear the wind in, and to smell of, and all such natural happy things; and by-and-by I shall hope to see you there, Seppy, my darling boy! Come by-and-by, 't isn't worth your while to live for ever, even if you should find out what's wanting in the drink I've taught you. I can see a little way into the next world now, and I see it to be far better than this heavy and wretched old place. You'll die when your time comes; won't you, Seppy, my darling?"

"Yes, dear auntie, when my time comes," said Septimius. "Very likely I shall want to live no longer by that time."

"Likely not," said the old woman. "I'm sure I don't. It is like going to sleep on my mother's breast to die. So good-night, dear Seppy!"

"Good-night, and God bless you, auntie!" said Septimius, with a gush of tears blinding him, spite of his Indian nature.

The old woman composed herself, and lay quite still and decorous for a short time; then, rousing herself a little—

"Septimius," said she, "is there just a little drop of my drink left? Not that I want to live any longer, but if I could sip ever so little, I feel as if I should step into the other world quite cheery, with it warm in my heart, and not feel shy and bashful at going among strangers."

"Not one drop, auntie."

"Ah well, no matter! It was not quite right, that last cup. It had a queer taste. What could you have put into it, Seppy darling! But no matter, no matter! It's a precious stuff, if you make it right. Don't forget the herbs, Septimius. Something wrong had certainly got into it."

These, except for some murmurings, some groanings, and unintelligible whisperings, were the last utterances of poor Aunt Keziah, who did not live a great while longer, and at last passed away in a great sigh, like a gust of wind among the trees, she having just before stretched out her hand again and grasped that of Septimius; and he sat watching her and gazing at her, wondering, and horrified, touched, shocked by death, of which he had so unusual a terror—and by the death of this creature especially, with whom he felt a sympathy that did not exist with any other person now living. So long did he sit holding her hand, that at last he was conscious that it was growing cold within his own, and that the stiffening fingers clutched him, as if they were disposed to keep their hold, and not forego the tie that had been so peculiar.

Then rushing hastily forth, he told the nearest available neighbour, who was Robert Hagburn's mother; and she summoned some of her gossips, and came to the house, and took poor Aunt Keziah in charge. They talked of her with no great respect, I fear, nor much sorrow, nor sense that the community would suffer any great deprivation in her loss; for, in their view, she was a dram-drinking, pipe-smoking, cross-grained old maid, and, as some thought, a witch; and, at any rate, with too much of the Indian blood in her to be of much use; and they hoped that now Rose Garfield would have a pleasanter life, and Septimius study to be a minister, and all things go well, and the place be cheerfuller. They found Aunt Keziah's bottle in the cupboard, and tasted and smelt of it.

"Good West Indjy as ever I tasted," said Mrs. Hagburn; "and

there stands her broken pitcher on the hearth. Ah, empty! I never could bring my mind to taste it; but now I'm sorry I never did, for I suppose nobody in the world can make any more of it."

Septimius, meanwhile, had betaken himself to the hill-top, which was his place of refuge on all occasions when the house seemed too stifled to contain him; and there he walked to and fro, with a certain kind of calmness and indifference that he wondered at; for there is hardly anything in this world so strange as the quiet surface that spreads over a man's mind in his greatest emergencies; so that he deems himself perfectly quiet, and upbraids himself with not feeling anything, when indeed he is passion stirred. As Septimius walked to and fro, he looked at the rich crimson flowers, which seemed to be blooming in greater profusion and luxuriance than ever before. He had made an experiment with these flowers, and he was curious to know whether that experiment had been the cause of Aunt Keziah's death. Not that he felt any remorse therefor, in any case, or believed himself to have committed a crime, having really intended and desired nothing but good. I suppose such things (and he must be a lucky physician, methinks, who has no such mischief within his own experience) never weigh with deadly weight on any man's conscience. Something must be risked in the cause of science, and in desperate cases something must be risked for the patient's self. Septimius, much as he loved life, would not have hesitated to put his own life to the same risk that he had imposed on Aunt Keziah; or if he did hesitate, it would have been only because, if the experiment turned out disastrously in his own person, he would not be in a position to make another and more successful trial; whereas, by trying it on others, the man of science still reserves himself for new efforts, and does not put all the hopes of the world, so far as involved in his success, on one cast of the die.

By-and-by he met Sibyl Dacy, who had ascended the hill, as was usual with her at sunset, and came towards him, gazing earnestly in his face.

"They tell me poor Aunt Keziah is no more," said she.

"She is dead," said Septimius.

"The flower is a very famous medicine," said the girl, "but everything depends on its being applied in the proper way."

"Do you know the way, then?" asked Septimius.

"No; you should ask Dr. Portsoaken about that," said Sibyl.

Doctor Portsoaken! And so he should consult him. That eminent chymist and scientific man had evidently heard of the recipe, and at all events would be acquainted with the best methods of getting the virtues out of flowers and herbs, some of which, Septimius had read enough to know, were poison in one phase and shape of preparation, and possessed of richest virtues in others;—their poison, as one may say, serving as a dark and terrible safeguard, which

Providence had set to watch over their preciousness; even as a dragon, or some wild and fiendish spectre, is set to watch and keep hidden gold and heaped up diamonds. A dragon always waits on everything that is very good. And what would deserve the watch and ward of danger of a dragon, or something more fatal than a dragon, if not this treasure of which Septimius was in quest, and the discovery and possession of which would enable him to break down one of the strongest barriers of Nature? It ought to be death, he acknowledged it, to attempt such a thing; for how changed would be life if he should succeed; how necessary it was that mankind should be defended from such attempts on the general rule on the part of all but him. How could Death be spared?—then the sire would live for ever, and the heir never come to his inheritance, and so he would at once hate his own father, from the perception that he would never be out of his way. Then the same class of powerful minds would always rule the state, and there would never be a change of policy.

[Here several pages are missing.—Ed.]

Through such scenes Septimius sought out the direction that Doctor Portsoaken had given him, and came to the door of a house in the olden part of the town. The Boston of those days had very much the aspect of provincial towns in England, such as may still be seen there, while our own city has undergone such wonderful changes that little likeness to what our ancestors made it can now be found. The streets, crooked and narrow; the houses, many-gabled, projecting with latticed windows and diamond panes; without side-walks; with rough pavements.

Septimius knocked loudly at the door, nor had long to wait before a serving-maid appeared, who seemed to be of English nativity; and in reply to his request for Doctor Portsoaken bade him come in, and led him up a staircase with broad landing-places; then tapped at the door of a room, and was responded to by a gruff voice saying, "Come in!" The woman held the door open, and Septimius saw the veritable Doctor Portsoaken in an old faded morning-gown, and with a night-cap on his head, his German pipe in his mouth, and a brandy bottle, to the best of our belief, on the table by his side.

"Come in, come in," said the gruff doctor, nodding to Septimius. "I remember you. Come in, man, and tell me your business."

Septimius did come in, but was so struck by the aspect of Doctor Portsoaken's apartment, and his own, that he did not immediately tell his business. In the first place everything looked very dusty and dirty, so that evidently no woman had ever been admitted into this sanctity of a place; a fact made all the more evident by the abundance of spiders, who had spun their webs about the walls and ceiling in the wildest apparent confusion, though doubtless each indi-

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vidual spider knew the cordage which he had lengthened out of his own miraculous bowels. They had festooned their cordage on whatever was stationary in the room, making a sort of grey, dusky tapestry, that waved portentously in the breeze, and flapped, heavy and dismal, each with its spider in the centre of his own system. And what was most marvellous was a spider over the doctor's head; a spider, I think, of some South American breed, with a circumference of its many legs as big, unless I am misinformed, as a tea-cup, and with a body in the midst as large as a dollar; giving the spectator horrible qualms as to what would be the consequence if this spider should be crushed, and, at the same time, suggesting the poisonous danger of suffering such a monster to live. The monster, however, sat in the midst of the stalwart cordage of his web, right over the doctor's head; and he looked, with all those complicated lines, like the symbol of a conjuror or crafty politician in the midst of the complexity of his scheme; and Septimius wondered if he were not the type of Doctor Portsoaken himself, who, fat and bloated as the spider, seemed to be the centre of some dark contrivance. And could it be that poor Septimius was typified by the fascinated fly, doomed to be entangled by the web?

"Good-day to you," said the gruff doctor, taking his pipe from his mouth. "Here I am, with my brother spiders, in the midst of my web. I told you, you remember, the wonderful efficacy which I had discovered in spiders' webs; and this is my laboratory, where I have hundreds of workmen concocting my panacea for me. Is it not a lovely sight?"

"A wonderful one, at least," said Septimius. "That one above your head, the monster, is calculated to give a very favourable idea of your theory. What a quantity of poison there must be in him!"

"Poison, do you call it?" quoth the grim doctor. "That's entirely as it may be used. Doubtless his bite would send a man to kingdom come; but, on the other hand, no one need want a better life-line than that fellow's web. He and I are firm friends, and I believe he would know my enemies by instinct. But come, sit down, and take a glass of brandy. No! Well, I'll drink it for you. And how is the old aunt yonder, with her infernal nostrum, the bitterness and nausea of which my poor stomach has not yet forgotten?"

"My Aunt Keziah is no more," said Septimius.

"No more! Well, I trust in heaven she has carried her secret with her," said the doctor. "If anything could comfort you for her loss, it would be that. But what brings you to Boston?"

"Only a dried flower or two," said Septimius, producing some specimens of the strange growth of the grave. "I want you to tell me about them."

The naturalist took the flowers in his hand, one of which had the root appended, and examined them with great minuteness and some

surprise; two or three times looking in Septimius's face with a puzzled and inquiring air; then examined them again.

"Do you tell me," said he, "that the plant has been found indigenous in this country, and in your part of it? And in what locality?"

"Indigenous, so far as I know," answered Septimius. "As to the locality——" he hesitated a little, "it is on a small hillock, scarcely bigger than a molehill, on the hill-top behind my house."

The naturalist looked steadfastly at him with red, burning eyes, under his deep, impending, shaggy brows; then again at the flower.

"Flower, do you call it?" said he, after a re-examination. "This is no flower, though it so closely resembles one, and a beautiful one—yes, most beautiful. But it is no flower. It is a certain very rare fungus—so rare as almost to be thought fabulous; and there are the strangest superstitions, coming down from ancient times, as to the mode of production. What sort of manure had been put into that hillock? Was it merely dried leaves, the refuse of the forest, or something else?"

Septimius hesitated a little: but there was no reason why he should not disclose the truth—as much of it as Doctor Portsoaken cared to know.

"The hillock where it grew," answered he, "was a grave."

"A grave! Strange! strange!" quoth Doctor Portsoaken. "Now these old superstitions sometimes prove to have a germ of truth in them, which some philosopher has doubtless long ago—in forgotten ages—discovered and made known; but in process of time his learned memory passes away, but the truth, undiscovered, survives him, and the people get hold of it, and make it the nucleus of all sorts of folly. So it grew out of a grave! Yes, yes; and probably it would have grown out of any other dead flesh, as well as that of a human being; a dog would have answered the purpose as well as a man. You must know that the seeds of fungi are scattered so universally over the world that, only comply with the conditions, and you will produce them everywhere. Prepare the bed it loves, and a mushroom will spring up spontaneously, an excellent food, like manna from heaven. So superstition says, kill your deadliest enemy, and plant him, and he will come up in a delicious fungus, which I presume to be this—steep him, or distil him, and he will make an elixir of life for you. I suppose there is some foolish symbolism or other about the matter; but the fact I affirm to be nonsense. Dead flesh, under some certain conditions of rain and sunshine, not at present ascertained by science, will produce the fungus, whether the manure be friend, or foe, or cattle."

"And as to its medical efficacy?" asked Septimius.

"That may be great for aught I know," said Portsoaken; "but I am content with my cobwebs. You may seek it out for yourself. But if the poor fellow lost his life in the supposition that he might be a

useful ingredient in a recipe, you are rather an unscrupulous practitioner."

"The person whose mortal relics fill that grave," said Septimius, "was no enemy of mine (no private enemy, I mean, though he stood among the enemies of my country), nor had I anything to gain by his death. I strove to avoid aiming at his life, but he compelled me."

"Many a chance shot brings down the bird," said Doctor Portsoaken. "You had no interest in his death. We shall see that in the end."

Septimius did not try to follow the conversation among the mysterious hints with which the doctor chose to involve it; but he now sought to gain some information from him as to the mode of preparing the recipe, and whether he thought it would be most efficacious as a decoction, or as a distillation. The learned chemist supported most decidedly the latter opinion, and showed Septimius how he might make for himself a simpler apparatus, with no better aid than Aunt Keziah's teakettle, and one or two trifling things, which the doctor himself supplied, by which all might be done with every necessary scrupulousness.

"Let me look again at the formula," said he. "There are a good many minute directions that appear trifling, but it is not safe to neglect any minutiae in the preparation of an affair like this; because, as it is all mysterious and unknown ground together, we cannot tell which may be the important and efficacious part. For instance, when all else is done, the recipe is to be exposed seven days to the sun at noon. That does not look very important, but it may be. Then, again—'Steep it in moonlight during the second quarter.' That's all moonshine, one would think; but there's no saying. It is singular, with such preciseness, that no distinct directions are given whether to infuse, decoct, distil, or what other way; but my advice is to distil."

"I will do it," said Septimius, "and not a direction shall be neglected."

"I shall be curious to know the result," said Doctor Portsoaken, "and am glad to see the zeal with which you enter into the matter. A very valuable medicine may be recovered to science through your agency, and you may make your fortune by it; though, for my part, I prefer to trust to my cobwebs. This spider, now, is not he a lovely object? See, he is quite capable of knowledge and affection."

There seemed, in fact, to be some mode of communication between the doctor and his spider, for on some sign given by the former, imperceptible to Septimius, the many-legged monster let himself down by a cord, which he extemporised out of his own bowels, and came dangling his huge bulk down before his master's face, while the latter lavished many epithets of endearment upon him, ludicrous, and not without horror, as applied to such a hideous production of nature.

"I assure you," said Doctor Portsoaken, "I run some risk from my

intimacy with this lovely jewel, and if I behave not all the more prudently, your countrymen will hang me for a wizard, and annihilate this precious spider as my familiar. There would be a loss to the world; not small in my own case, but enormous in the case of the spider. Look at him now, and see if the mere uninstructed observation does not discover a wonderful value in him."

In truth, when looked at closely, the spider really showed that a care and art had been bestowed upon his make, not merely as regards curiosity, but absolute beauty, that seemed to indicate that he must be a rather distinguished creature in the view of Providence; so variegated was he with a thousand minute spots, spots of colour, glorious radiance, and such a brilliance was attained by many conglomerated brilliances; and it was very strange that all this care was bestowed on a creature that, probably, had never been carefully considered except by the two pair of eyes that were now upon it; and that, in spite of its beauty and magnificence, it could only be looked at with an effort to overcome the mysterious repulsiveness of its presence; for all the time that Septimius looked and admired he still hated the thing, and thought it wrong that it was ever born, and wished that it could be annihilated. Whether the spider was conscious of the wish, we are unable to say; but certainly Septimius felt as if he were hostile to him, and had a mind to sting him; and, in fact, Doctor Portsoaken seemed of the same opinion.

"Aha, my friend," said he, "I would advise you not to come too near Orontes! He is a lovely beast, it is true; but in a certain recess of this splendid form of his, he keeps a modest supply of a certain potent and piercing poison, which would produce a wonderful effect on any flesh to which he chose to apply it. A powerful fellow is Orontes; and he has a great sense of his own dignity and importance, and will not allow it to be imposed on."

Septimius moved from the vicinity of the spider, who, in fact, retreated, by climbing up his cord, and ensconced himself in the middle of his web, where he remained waiting for his prey. Septimius wondered whether the doctor were symbolised by the spider, and was likewise waiting in the middle of his web for his prey. As he saw no way, however, in which the doctor could make a profit out of himself, or how he could be victimised, the thought did not much disturb his equanimity. He was about to take his leave, but the doctor, in a derisive kind of way, bade him sit still, for he purposed keeping him as a guest, that night at least.

"I owe you a dinner," said he, "and will pay it with a supper and knowledge; and before we part I have certain inquiries to make, of which you may not at first see the object, but yet are not quite purposeless. My familiar, up aloft there, has whispered me something about you, and I rely greatly on his intimations."

Septimius, who was sufficiently common-sensible, and invulnerable

to superstitious influences on every point except that to which he had surrendered himself, was easily prevailed upon to stay; for he found the singular charlatanic, mysterious lore of the man curious, and he had enough of real science to at least make him an object of interest to one who knew nothing of the matter; and Septimius's acuteness, too, was piqued in trying to make out what manner of man he really was, and how much in him was genuine science and self-belief, and how much quackery, and pretension, and conscious empiricism. So he stayed, and supped with the doctor at a table heaped more bountifully, and with rarer dainties, than Septimius had ever before conceived of; and in his simpler cognisance, heretofore, of eating merely to live, he could not but wonder to see a man of thought caring to eat of more than one dish, so that most of the meal, on his part, was spent in seeing the doctor feed and hearing him discourse upon his food.

"If man lived only to eat," quoth the doctor, "one life would not suffice, not merely to exhaust the pleasure of it, but even to get the rudiments of it."

When this important business was over, the doctor and his guest sat down again in his laboratory, where the former took care to have his usual companion, the black bottle, at his elbow, and filled his pipe, and seemed to feel a certain sullen, genial, fierce, brutal, kindly mood enough, and looked at Septimius with a sort of friendship, as if he had as lief shake hands with him as knock him down.

"Now for a talk about business," said he.

Septimius thought, however, that the doctor's talk began, at least at a sufficient remoteness from any practical business; for he began to question about his remote ancestry, what he knew, or what record had been preserved, of the first emigrant from England; whence, from what shire or part of England that ancestor had come, whether there were any memorial of any kind remaining of him, any letters, or written documents, wills, deeds, or other legal papers; in short, all about him.

Septimius could not satisfactorily see whether these inquiries were made with any definite purpose, or from a mere general curiosity to discover how a family of early settlement in America might still be linked with the old country; whether there were any tendrils stretching across the gulf of a hundred and fifty years, by which the American branch of the family was separated from the trunk of the family tree in England. The doctor partly explained this.

"You must know," said he, "that the name you bear, Felton, is one formerly of much eminence and repute in my part of England, and, indeed, very recently possessed of wealth and station. I should like to know if you are of that race."

Septimius answered with such facts and traditions as had come to his knowledge respecting his family history; a sort of history that is

quite as liable to be mythical, in its early and distant stage, as that of Rome, and, indeed, seldom goes three or four generations back without getting into a mist really impenetrable, though great, gloomy, and magnificent shapes of men often seem to loom in it, who, if they could be brought close to the naked eye, would turn out as commonplace as the descendants who wonder at and admire them. He remembered Aunt Keziah's legend, and said that he had reason to believe that his first ancestor came over at a somewhat earlier date than the first Puritan settlers, and dwelt among the Indians, where (and here the young man cast down his eyes, having the customary American abhorrence for any mixture of blood) he had intermarried with the daughter of a sagamore, and succeeded to his rule. This might have happened as early as the end of Elizabeth's reign, perhaps later. It was impossible to decide dates on such a matter. There had been a son of this connection, perhaps more than one, but certainly one son, who, on the arrival of the Puritans, was a youth, his father appearing to have been slain in some outbreak of the tribe, perhaps owing to the jealousy of prominent chiefs, at seeing their natural authority abrogated or absorbed by a man of a different race. He slightly alluded to the supernatural attributes that gathered round this predecessor, but in a way to imply that he put no faith in them; for Septimius' natural keen sense and perception kept him from betraying his weaknesses to the doctor, by the same instinctive and subtle caution with which a madman can so well conceal his infirmity.

On the arrival of the Puritans, they had found among the Indians a youth partly of their own blood, able, though imperfectly, to speak their language—having, at least, some early recollections of it—inheriting, also, a share of influence over the tribe on which his father had grafted him. It was natural that they should pay especial attention to this youth, consider it their duty to give him religious instruction in the faith of his fathers, and try to use him as a means of influencing his tribe. They did so, but did not succeed in swaying the tribe by his means, their success having been limited to winning the half-Indian from the wild ways of his mother's people, into a certain partial but decent accommodation to those of the English. A tendency to civilization was brought out in his character by their rigid training; at least, his savage wildness was broken. He built a house among them, with a good deal of the wigwam, no doubt, in its style of architecture, but still a permanent house, near which he established a corn-field, a pumpkin-garden, a melon-patch, and became farmer enough to be entitled to ask the hand of a Puritan maiden. He spent his life, with some few instances of temporary relapse into savage wildness, when he fished in the river Musquehannah, or in Walden, or strayed in the woods, when he should have been planting or hoeing; but, on the whole, the race had been redeemed from

barbarism in his person, and in the succeeding generations had been tamed more and more. The second generation had been distinguished in the Indian wars of the provinces, and then intermarried with the stock of a distinguished Puritan divine, by which means Septimius could reckon great and learned men, scholars of old Cambridge, among his ancestry on one side, while on the other it ran up to the early emigrants, who seemed to have been remarkable men, and to that strange wild lineage of Indian chiefs, whose blood was like that of persons not quite human, intermixed with civilized blood.

"I wonder," said the doctor, musingly, "whether there are really no documents to ascertain the epoch at which that old first emigrant came over, and whence he came, and precisely from what English family. Often the last heir of some respectable name dies in England, and we say that the family is extinct; whereas, very possibly, it may be abundantly flourishing in the New World, revived by the rich infusion of new blood in a new soil, instead of growing feeble, heavier, stupider, each year by sticking to an old soil, intermarrying over and over again with the same respectable families, till it has made common stock of all their vices, weaknesses, madnesses. Have you no documents, I say, no muniment deed?"

"None," said Septimius.

"No old furniture, desks, trunks, chests, cabinets?"

"You must remember," said Septimius, "that my Indian ancestor was not very likely to have brought such things out of the forest with him. A wandering Indian does not carry a chest of papers with him. I do remember, in my childhood, a little old iron-bound chest, or coffer, of which the key was lost, and which my aunt Keziah used to say came down from her great-great-grandfather. I don't know what has become of it, and my poor old aunt kept it among her own treasures."

"Well, my friend, do you hunt up that old coffer, and, just as a matter of curiosity, let me see the contents."

"I have other things to do," said Septimius.

"Perhaps so," quoth the doctor, "but no other, as it may turn out, of quite so much importance as this. I'll tell you fairly: the heir of a great English house is lately dead, and the estate lies open to any well sustained, perhaps to any plausible claimant. If it should appear from the records of that family, as I have some reason to suppose, that a member of it, who would now represent the older branch, disappeared mysteriously and unaccountably, at a date corresponding with what might be ascertained as that of your ancestor's first appearance in this country; if any reasonable proof can be brought forward, on the part of the representatives of that white sagamore—that wizard pow-wow, or however you call him, that he was the disappearing Englishman—why, a good case is made out. Do you feel no interest in such a prospect?"

"Very little, I confess," said Septimius.

"Very little!" said the grim doctor, impatiently. "Do not you see that, if you make good your claim, you establish for yourself a position among the English aristocracy, and succeed to a noble English estate, an ancient hall, where your forefathers have dwelt since the Conqueror; splendid gardens, hereditary woods and parks, to which anything America can show is despicable—all thoroughly cultivated and adorned, with the care and ingenuity of centuries; and an income, a month of which would be greater wealth than any of your American ancestors, raking and scraping for his lifetime, has ever got together as the accumulated result of the toil and penury by which he has sacrificed body and soul."

"That strain of Indian blood is in me yet," said Septimius, "and it makes me despise—no, not despise, for I can see their desirableness for other people—but it makes me reject for myself what you think so valuable. I do not care for these common aims. I have ambition, but it is for prizes such as other men cannot gain, and do not think of aspiring after. I could not live in the habits of English life, as I conceive it to be, and would not, for my part, be burthened with the great estate you speak of. It might answer my purpose for a time. It would suit me well enough to try that mode of life, as well as a hundred others, but only for a time. It is of no permanent importance."

"I'll tell you what it is, young man," said the doctor, testily, "you have something in your brain that makes you talk very foolishly; and I have partly a suspicion what it is—only I can't think that a fellow who is really gifted with respectable sense, in other directions, should be such a confounded idiot in this."

Septimius blushed, but held his peace, and the conversation languished after this; the doctor grimly smoking his pipe, and by no means increasing the milkiness of his mood by frequent applications to the black bottle, until Septimius intimated that he would like to go to bed. The old woman was summoned, and ushered him to his chamber.

At breakfast, the doctor partially renewed the subject which he seemed to consider most important in yesterday's conversation.

"My young friend," said he, "I advise you to look in cellar and garret, or wherever you consider the most likely place, for that iron-bound coffer. There may be nothing in it;—it may be full of musty love-letters, or old sermons, or receipted bills of a hundred years ago;—but it may contain what will be worth to you an estate of five thousand pounds a-year. It is a pity the old woman with the damnable decoction is gone off. Look it up, I say."

"Well, well," said Septimius, abstractedly, "when I can find time."

So saying, he took his leave, and retraced his way back to his home. He had not seemed like himself during the time that elapsed

since he left it, and it appeared an infinite space that he had lived through and travelled over, and he fancied it hardly possible that he could ever get back again. But now, with every step that he took, he found himself getting miserably back into the old enchanted land. The mist rose up about him, the pale mist-bow of ghostly promise curved before him; and he trod back again, poor boy, out of the clime of real effort, into the land of his dreams and shadowy enterprise.

"How was it," said he, "that I can have been so untrue to my convictions? Whence came that dark and dull despair that weighed upon me? Why did I let the mocking mood which I was conscious of in that brutal, brandy-burnt sceptic, have such an influence on me? Let him guzzle! He shall not tempt me from my pursuit, with his lure of an estate and name among those heavy English beef-eaters of whom he is a brother. My destiny is one which kings might envy, and strive in vain to buy with principalities and kingdoms."

So he trod on air almost, in the latter parts of his journey, and instead of being wearied, grew more airy with the latter miles that brought him to his wayside home.

So now Septimius sat down, and began in earnest his endeavours and experiments to prepare the medicine, according to the mysterious terms of the recipe. It seemed not possible to do it, so many rebuffs and disappointments did he meet with. No effort would produce a combination answering to the description of the recipe, which propounded a brilliant, gold-coloured liquid, clear as the air itself, with a certain fragrance which was peculiar to it, and also, what was the more individual test of the correctness of the mixture, a certain coldness of the feeling, a chilliness which was described as peculiarly refreshing and invigorating. With all his trials, he produced nothing but turbid results, clouded generally, or lacking something in colour, and never that fragrance, and never that coldness which was to be the test of truth. He studied all the books of chemistry which at that period were attainable—a period when, in the world, it was a science far unlike what it has since become; and when Septimius had no instruction in this country, nor could obtain any beyond the dark, mysterious, charlatanic communications of Dr. Portsoaken. So that, in fact, he seemed to be discovering for himself the science through which he was to work. He seemed to do everything that was stated in the recipe, and yet no results came from it; the liquid that he produced was nauseous to the smell—to taste it had a horrible repugnance—turbid, nasty, reminding him in most respects of poor Aunt Keziah's elixir; and it was a body without a soul, and that body dead. And so it went on; and the poor half-maddened Septimius began to think that his immortal life was preserved by the mere effort of seeking for it, but was to be spent in the quest, and was therefore to be made an eternity of abortive misery. He pored

over the document that had so possessed him, turning its crabbed meanings every way, trying to get out of it some new light, often tempted to fling it into the fire which he kept under his retort, and let the whole thing go ; but then again, soon rising out of that black depth of despair, into a determination to do what he had so long striven for. With such intense action of mind as he brought to bear on this paper, it is wonderful that it was not spiritually distilled ; that its essence did not arise, purified from all alloy of falsehood, from all turbidness of obscurity and ambiguity, and from a pure essence of truth and invigorating motive, if of any it were capable. In this interval, Septimius is said by tradition to have found out many wonderful secrets in science that were almost beyond the scope of science. It was said that old Aunt Keziah used to come with a coal of fire from unknown furnaces, to light his distilling apparatus ; it was said, too, that the ghost of the old lord, whose ingenuity had propounded this puzzle for his descendants, used to come at midnight and strive to explain to him this manuscript ; that the Black Man, too, met him on the hill-top, and promised him an immediate release from his difficulties, provided he would kneel down and worship him, and sign his name in his book, an old, iron-clasped, much worn volume which he produced from his ample pockets, and showed him in it the names of many a man whose name has become historic, and above whose ashes kept watch an inscription testifying to his virtues and devotion—old autographs, for the Black Man was the original autograph collector.

But these, no doubt, were foolish stories, conceived and propagated in chimney-corners, while yet there were chimney-corners and fire-sides, and smoky flues. There was no truth in such things, I am sure ; the Black Man had changed his tactics, and knew better than to lure the human soul thus to come to him with his musty autograph-book. So Septimius fought with his difficulty by himself, as many a beginner in science has done before him ; and to his efforts in this way are popularly attributed many herb-drinks, and some kinds of spruce beer, and nostrums used for rheumatism, sore throat, and typhus fever ; but I rather think they all came from Aunt Keziah, or perhaps like jokes to Joe Miller ; all sorts of quack medicines, flocking at large through the community, are assigned to him or her. The people have a little mistaken the character and purpose of poor Septimius, and remember him as a quack doctor, instead of a seeker for a secret, not the less sublime and elevating because it happened to be unattainable.

I know not through what medium, or by what means, but it got noised abroad that Septimius was engaged in some mysterious work ; and, indeed, his seclusion, his absorption, his indifference to all that was going on in that weary time of war, looked strange enough to indicate that it must be some most important business that engrossed

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him. On the few occasions when he came out from his immediate haunts into the village, he had a strange, owl-like appearance, uncombed, unbrushed, his hair long and tangled ; his face, they said, darkened with smoke ; his cheeks pale ; the indentation of his brow deeper than ever before ; an earnest haggard, sulking look ; and so he went hastily along the village street, feeling as if all eyes might find out what he had in his mind from his appearance ; taking by-ways where they were to be found, going long distances through woods and fields, rather than short ones where the way lay through the frequented haunts of men. For he shunned the glances of his fellow-men, probably because he had learnt to consider them not as fellows, because he was seeking to withdraw himself from the common bond and destiny—because he felt, too, that on that account his fellow-men would consider him as a traitor—enemy—one who deserted their cause, and tried to withdraw his feeble shoulder from under that great burthen of death, which is imposed on all men to bear ; and which, if one could escape, each other would feel his load proportionably heavier. With these beings of a moment he had no longer any common cause ; they must go their separate ways, yet apparently the same—they on the broad, dusty beaten path, that seemed always full, but from which continually they so strangely vanished into invisibility, no one knowing, nor long inquiring, what had become of them ; he on his lonely path, where he should tread secure, with no trouble but the loneliness which would be none to him. For a little while he would seem to keep them company, but soon they would all drop away, the minister, his accustomed towns-people, Robert Hagburn, Rose, Sibyl Dacy—all, leaving him in blessed unknownness to adopt new temporary relations, and take a new course.

Sometimes, however, the prospect a little chilled him. Could he give them all up—the sweet sister, the friend of his childhood ; the grave instructor of his youth ; the homely, life-known faces ? Yes ; there were such rich possibilities in the future ; for he would seek out the noblest minds, the deepest hearts in every age, and be the friend of human time. Only it might be sweet to have one unchangeable companion ; for, unless he strung the pearls and diamonds of life upon one unbroken affection, he sometimes thought that his life would have nothing to give it unity and identity ; and so the longest life would be but an aggregate of insulated fragments, which would have no relation to one another. And so it would not be one life, but many unconnected ones. Unless he could look into the same eyes, through the mornings of future time, opening and blessing him with a fresh gleam of love and joy ; unless the same sweet voice could melt his thoughts together ; unless some sympathy of a life side by side with his could knit them into one ; looking back upon the same things ; looking forward to the same ; the long, thin thread of an individual

life, stretching onward and onward, would cease to be visible, cease to be felt, cease, by and by, to have any real bigness in proportion to its length, and so be virtually non-existent, except in the mere inconsiderable Now. If a group of chosen friends, chosen out of all the world for their adaptedness, could go on in endless life together, keeping themselves mutually warm on the high, desolate way, then none of them need ever sigh to be comforted in the pitiable snugness of the grave. If one especial soul might be his companion, then how complete the fence of mutual arms, the warmth of close-pressing breast to breast! Might there be one! Oh, Sibyl Dacy!

Perhaps it could not be. Who but himself could undergo that great trial, and hardship, and self-denial, and firm purpose, never wavering, never sinking for a moment, keeping his grasp on life like one who holds up by main force a sinking and drowning friend!—how could a woman do it! He must then give up the thought. There was a choice—friendship, and the love of woman—the long life of immortality. There was something heroic and ennobling in choosing the latter. And so he walked with the mysterious girl on the hill-top, and sat down beside her on the grave, which still ceased not to redden, portentously beautiful, with that unnatural flower—and they talked together; and Septimius looked on her weird beauty, and often said to himself, “This, too, will pass away; she is not capable of what I am, she is a woman. It must be a manly, and courageous, and forcible spirit, vastly rich in all three particulars that has strength enough to live! Ah, is it surely so? There is such a dark sympathy between us; she knows me so well; she touches my inmost so at unawares, that I could almost think I had a companion here. Perhaps not so soon. At the end of centuries I might wed one; not now.”

But once he said to Sibyl Dacy, “Ah, how sweet it would be—sweet for me, at least—if this intercourse might last for ever!”

“That is an awful idea that you present,” said Sibyl, with a hardly perceptible, involuntary shudder; “always on this hill-top, always passing and re-passing this little hillock; always smelling these flowers! I, always looking at this deep chasm in your brow; you, always seeing my bloodless cheek!—doing this till these trees crumble away, till, perhaps, a new forest grew up wherever this white race had planted, and a race of savages again possess the soil. I should not like it. My mission here is but for a short time, and will soon be accomplished, and then I go.”

“You do not rightly estimate the way in which the long time might be spent,” said Septimius. “We would find out a thousand uses of this world, uses and enjoyments which now men never dream of, because the world is just held to their mouths, and then snatched away again, before they have time hardly to taste it, instead of becoming acquainted with the deliciousness of this great world-fruit.

But you speak of a mission, and as if you were now in performance of it. Will you not tell me what it is?"

"No," said Sibyl Dacy, smiling on him. "But one day you shall know what it is—none sooner nor better than you—so much I promise you."

"Are we friends?" asked Septimius, somewhat puzzled by her look.

"We have an intimate relation to one another," replied Sibyl.

"And what is it?" demanded Septimius.

"That will appear hereafter," answered Sibyl, again smiling on him.

He knew not what to make of this, nor whether to be exalted or depressed; but, at all events, there seemed to be an accordance, a striking together, a mutual touch of their two natures, as if, somehow or other, they were performing the same part of solemn music; so that he felt his soul thrill, and at the same time shudder. Some sort of sympathy there surely was, but of what nature he could not tell though often he was impelled to ask himself the same question he asked Sibyl—"Are we friends?"—because of a sudden shock and repulsion, that came between them, and passed away in a moment; and there would be Sibyl, smiling askance on him.

(To be continued.)

THE BODY AND THE CHARACTER.

MUCH mischief has been occasioned by the prevalent habit of speaking of the mind and the body as distinct in such a sense that character and conduct can be dealt with in the absence of a just regard to their correlations. I have as much dislike as any man can possibly have of the trick which has lately become fashionable, among certain classes of scientific men, of attempting to state moral and religious truth in terms of physiology. Nor can we, consistently with any effective religious belief, treat the moral and spiritual force at the command of any given human being as a fixed quantity; which is what the phraseology in question points to. But I am deeply convinced that immense injury has been done, and is still in the doing, by certain habits of thought and language which assuredly have no scientific origin, and as assuredly no philosophical justification. This phraseology, with, of course, all its blundering implications, is clearly traceable to theologic sources, or, at least to mediæval constructions of theologic phrasing. But for a being whose whole point of view can be changed by an east wind, or a glass of wine, or an hour's less sleep, or many an act of indulgence or abstinence,—for a being whose *morale* is deeply and inevitably affected by such a circumstance as celibacy, or the reverse condition, or the rate of the circulation of his blood,—to talk of the absolute control of the soul over the body is profoundly silly. What becomes of the control of the soul over the body, if you scoop out the skull? True, nobody does affirm, in so many words, the absolute control of the "spirit" over the "flesh;" but, perhaps, we may say so much the worse; for, in this case, we could deal frankly with it. But many assumptions which *carry* with them some such view are fatally prevalent among all of us. To take a slight example. In times of great exertion, accompanied by sudden strains upon the strength, and, of course, much fatigue, how difficult have I found it to impress upon those who have been working with me the duty of economy of vital force in minor particulars, or to make them understand the proper use of stimulants! In vain do you say, 'You should laugh and talk less till you have got through this work;' or 'You should, while the strain lasts, walk three miles a day instead of your usual six; or slightly alter the hours, the quality and the quantity of your food,'—the counsel is almost always thrown away, and at the bottom of the disregard of it lies, you perceive, a latent impression that the mind can do what it likes with the body. Perhaps you know a clergyman, or some one else, who is exhausting

himself with "spiritual" labours: you look at his face, note the droop of the muscles, the slight feverish film on the lips, and the tendency to suffusion in the eyes:—

"You must take more sleep, or you will break down."

"I get six hours' sleep every night."

"That is not enough for a man doing your work. If I could take out your brain and lay it on a plate" (he smiles with an air of faint superiority, and shakes his head, mentally quoting several texts,) "and get you to compare it with a healthy man's brain on another plate, you would soon see that you do not get sleep enough."

"But I cannot leave my post; I must do my duty."

"But you are *not* doing your duty well. You may start; but if I could go your rounds with you, I should be able to convince you that you often *fail* in your duty——"

"God will pardon my infirmities, if——"

"For want of the sleep which is necessary to refresh your brain and enable you to take clear and straightforward views of things,—especially of other people's troubles."

"We have an anointing——"

"Yes, I know; and that reminds me. You have nothing special the matter with your heart, liver, or lungs?"

"No!"—spoken wearily and deprecatingly, as if these were very irrelevant questions.

"Then strike work; go and get a Turkish bath; take a four-wheel cab home with only one window open (mind you don't get cold in your eyes, which look rather sensitive just now); eat an easily assimilated dinner; drink a pint of champagne, and go to sleep."

"The spirit must hold up the flesh."

"Ah, but you'll find the spirit won't."

Exit clergyman, thinking I am on the downward road, though among all his friends and people there is possibly not one who is nearer to him heart and soul. In a month I hear that he is dead of small-pox; the doctors remarking from the first that, though the special attack was not severe, there was great danger, owing to the want of resistive or rallying power in the system of the sufferer.

That view of the subject of the relation of mind to body which is suggested by the foregoing sentences is trite enough to some intelligent people, but by no means to the majority; and the very reason it is at this moment uppermost in my own mind is, that I have lately come across striking illustrations of the fact that the majority, even of well-taught persons, habitually think of the mind as something totally independent of the body, or something which plays upon the frame, and can do as it likes with it, just as if it were a mere instrument, with a will that had perfect command of it. Now it is not easy to invent language that shall express even what little we know

of the real state of the case, without seeming to surrender something of what cannot be foregone ; something of our belief in our accountability, and in the resources that are at our command in our intercourse with the Father of Spirits. But it is useless shutting our eyes to the truth, and the truth is that there is in the "solidarity" of mind and body something which cannot be called less than fatal. It is a perfectly arguable proposition that you should treat sane and insane criminals on the same footing ; but it was nonsense for Sir John Coleridge, in cross-examining the medical experts in the case of the boy Connor, to ask whether, though his body was out of order at a certain time his mind was not in good condition. I am not for a moment suggesting that this boy was out of his senses, or not responsible to the law ; but it certainly looks the most obvious of all propositions, that you cannot affect the body in any way without in some way affecting the mind too. And if the injury to the body have come about without the concurrence of the person's will, how can we refuse to admit that, to some extent, and in some way, however inscrutable, the person's moral responsibility is qualified ? A man is bound to support his wife and children ; we find him wanting in energy ; after his death it is discovered that he had a flabby heart. In a case like this we have not a moment's hesitation in qualifying the moral verdict upon the man's career. Yet, if a diagnosis of another kind affirms that he was naturally deficient in that portion of the brain through the help of which firmness would be manifested, a good many of us refuse to admit any qualification whatever. But, allowing the hypothesis, where is the difference ?

However, I do not wish to prosecute this. It is a necessary part of the general question ; but it arose here incidentally, and it may now pass. But let us choose another illustration of the way in which a bodily peculiarity may affect a person's character. Take two persons of entirely similar character and culture. They shall both be equally conscientious, equally good-natured, and equal, too, in intellectual promptness. But in one of them the eyes shall be prominent, in the other they shall be deep-set. Now, place these two persons, alike, in situations where equal demands are made upon readiness in seeing and supplying the small wants of others. Suppose it is a time of pressure : that A should hand B a certain volume, open, at a certain exact moment ; or know to a fraction of a second when C will be crossing a particular part of a room, or have a sleepless eye to the fire or the candles, or, in a hundred nameless ways, to what is going on all round,—is, we will suppose, of considerable consequence. Now, it is certain that, though (and because) we have supposed both our men equal in *all* other respects, the one with the prominent eyes (the all other respects including of course that the sight in both shall be equally good and pretty much of the same range when directed to an object) will be the most helpful of the two men. He

will always know what is going to happen a considerable fraction of time before the other man will, and his "eyghen like an hare's" will see much more widely round and about. I am drawing from actual examples, and it is obvious that the hare-eyed man might even gain credit for more good-nature than the other, while he in fact might have less. Nor is this all, for the rapid and sensitive apprehensiveness of the "eyghen like an hare's" might qualify the whole of a person's conduct, and have consequences which were distinctly moral, and which, taken in the mass, materially affected the lives of those about him.

We might carry this kind of criticism to almost any length, and, to say the truth, it is very much wanted. The *moral* difference between a "wiry" man and a large-chested brawny man—other conditions, religious culture included, being supposed similar—are of the most marked description. True, to repeat what has been said before, all moral truth is best expressed in terms of morality, and a physiologically worded gospel of charity would be very unpleasant—to no one more unpleasant than to me; but it will be better for us if we apply physiological truths to their proper use in these matters—that, namely, of giving form, distinctness, and solidity to convictions and impressions which are too apt, unless fortified from the physical side, to pass off in gas. And it is really very curious to note how slow people are to think of these matters "off their own bats." When I was a little boy, listening to a conversation in which various friends of mine were endeavouring to get out of certain difficulties which maintain an iron grip upon every fair thinker, I heard it declared that those who had not heard the gospel preached would be judged without the gospel. I asked how often the person must have heard the gospel. Oh, if the way of salvation had been plainly laid before him, he was to be judged by the gospel. But I then wanted to know whether a person who had had the gospel plainly laid before him at a time when he had as bad an ear-ache as mine on the previous Sunday would have to be judged by the gospel. There was no room for such questions in the philosophy of my friends. But, if we are to try and judge our fellow-creatures or ourselves (which is equally important, though there are forms of false "humility" which would deny this) fairly, we must find room in our philosophy for a great many interpellations of the kind. And we will, in the next paper, endeavour to deal with some of them in reference to the methods by which attempts have been made by students of different schemes of physiognomy to guess at the quality of the brain.

HENRY HOLBEACH.

CHILD-LIFE AS SEEN BY THE POETS.

WERE we in search of a sort of golden thread on which to string together some of the choicest gems of poetic thought and diction, what better could we find for our purpose than such a title as "Child-Life as seen by the Poets?" Instead of a mere collection of elegant extracts, or of mere nursery rhymes, or of poems written for children, we should have before us a collection of the grandest poetry that men of genius have left behind to "brighten the sunshine;" but we should have in addition something more—a sparkling little history, so to speak, of the progress of the poetic intellect. For it will be found, on careful examination, that there is no better clue to the quality of any minstrel than his manner of writing about children, his greater or less reference to childish experience, and his fondness for child-like moods. If, as most good critics now admit, the crucial proof of any poet's mission be the power of his human sympathy, if poetry be something more than a set of fanciful pictures, if it be the perfect speech of the supremest and simplest natures in their most beneficent moments, and if it be conceded on the other hand that any worthy representation of child-life and child-thought, their influence and their mystery, demands some of the very tenderest, subtlest qualities of human nature, it will speedily be seen how our poets and singers may glorify or betray themselves in this infantine direction. Open Shakspere at any passage where the beginning of life is referred to. Read the passage:

I' the dead of darkness
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self!

Prospero to Miranda, *The Tempest*.

There we have a flash of humanity in one epithet; or turn to the piteously beautiful lines on the Innocents in the Tower,

Girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other!

Or glance elsewhere, even into the strange pages of "Pericles," and hear the King addressing the little one new born amid the storm:

Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:

Quiet and gentle thy conditions !—for
 Thou art the rudest welcomed to this world,
 That e'er was prince's child !

The whole of the situation here alluded to is infinitely tender, and should be noted by every student. How the whole great heart of Shakspeare sobs *with* Pericles in the memorable passage which follows, when the superstitious sailors of the ship insist that the Queen must be thrown "overboard straight !" "Here she lies, sir," cries Lychorida, pointing to the "corpse ;" and Pericles exclaims—

A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear ;
 No light, no fire : the unfriendly elements
 Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
 Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze ; . . .
 . . . O Lychorida !
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
 My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the satin coffer : lay the babe
 Upon the pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her !

Such mere glimpses of the great Bard would be insufficient to show the supremacy of his insight ; yet from either of the above passages we may at least gather, at a glance, that the mightiest of intellectual creators was a man whose heart was in tune with all innocent loveliness. We are taught the very same truth of Homer—that mystic human figure far back in time—by the glimpse of Andromache's child in the *Iliad*. Here it is, as admirably rendered by the late Mr. Worsley:—

He spake, and to the babe reached forth his arms,
 Who to the bosom of his fair-eyed nurse
 Clung with a cry ; scared at his father's look
 And by the brass helm, and the horsehair plume
 Waving aloft so grimly. And they laughed,
 Father and mother ; and the nodding helm
 He in a moment from his head removed,
 And laid it shining on the earth, then kissed
 Fondly, and dandled in his arms, the child,
 And called on Zeus and all the gods in prayer :

" Zeus and all gods, let this my child become
 Famed in the hosts of Troia ; even as I,
 In strength so good, and full of power to reign.
 And, when he cometh from the fight, let men
 Say, ' A far better than his sire is here.'
 And thus with glory-spoils let him return
 From the slain foe, and cheer his mother's heart !"

He spake, and in the arms of his dear wife
 Laid the fair babe, and to her fragrant breast
 She clasped him, smiling thro' a mist of tears.

Animal light and sparkle of childhood is there, brightening with one sweet touch the beautiful episode of the parting. Leaving the great bard of Greece, turn to the great bard of Italy. In all the awful series of human faces which succeed each other in the "*Inferno*," is there any awfuller than that of Ugolino, gnawing the scull of Archbishop Ruggieri, who starved the miserable Count and his four children to death? Tender beyond tenderness is every detail of the story, down to the heart-rending close.

Gaddo mi si gittò disteso a piedi,
Dicendo: Padre mio, chè? non m' aiuti?
Quivi morì.

Dante spares us none of the horrible particulars; but his soul is full of stern pity. When our own Chaucer takes up the tale, however, he breaks down—he is too tender-hearted—he cannot finish; but refers us to the "*grete poete of Itaille*." Chaucer adds one exquisite touch, concerning the behaviour of one of the children, to which attention has been drawn by Mr. Leigh Hunt:—

There day by day this child began to cry,
Till in his father's barme* adowne he lay,
And said, Farewell, father, I must die,
And *kiss'd his father*, and died the same day.

Chaucer's eyes overflow at all times with divine tears. He, the "*morning star*" of English song,† was also the most pitiful and the most human. Here, once more, the method of regarding a child-like circumstance is the clue to the whole poetic identity of the writer.

Having ascertained so much, we may soon ascertain more, and discover, in following our golden thread of subject, that themes connected with child-life have been treated most frequently at the noblest periods of our literature; and so surely as poetry has been wretched and degenerate, such themes have been employed most degradingly or neglected altogether. In Chaucer, children are fresh little creatures, touched with no metaphysical light; tender human blossoms, sometimes plucked cruelly, but ever meant for beauty and for brightness. We are breathing the morning air of literature, and life around us is simple, unsophisticated, and troubled by no "*problems*." With Shakspeare and the dramatists who shine around him and constitute with him what might be called "*the Shaksperian system*," a child is a child, an unconscious actor sometimes in great events; a prattling voice breaking in occasionally on the deeper tones of men and women; a little creature of flesh and blood:—

At first the infant,
Mewling and puling in the nurse's arms.

* Lap.

† Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from afar.—DENHAM.

And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

How tenderly does Ben Jonson, bewailing his boy, call him

Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry !

And with what quiet insight Michael Drayton, describing the little infant Moses, enters into the very life and soul of infancy :—

Her pretty infant lying in her lap,
With his sweet eyes her threatening rage beguiles.
For yet he plays and dallies with his pap,
To mock her sorrows with his amorous smiles,
And laugh'd, and chuck'd, and spread the pretty hands,
While her full heart was at the point to break.

Moses' Birth and Miracles, Book I.

As these men and their contemporaries wrote of children, they wrote of all else—with insight, tenderness, and truth. They were as noteworthy for kindly humanity as for poetic force and range. So too, though in a much less degree, were their immediate successors. The Stuarts began early to create court poets ; and the false and artificial verses of Carew and his comrades were already poisoning our Helicon. As we follow our poetic thread further, there are long blanks, and few indeed are the pearls between Drayton and Milton. Milton was a stately singer, not used to unbend to infancy, save as typical of Him who came in infant guise to redeem the world. His lines "On a fair infant dying of a cough" are full of puerile affectations, and the "Ode in the Nativity," though grand and golden beyond parallel, having the effect of a glorious illuminated missal unrolled to sudden music, shows little or no tenderness. In good truth, something of the freshness of English literature had already departed. Great as Milton was, he was academical, and his poetry wanted the natural life of Chaucer's breezy verse, and Shakspeare's ever-varied numbers.

But if we are disappointed in the poets who preceded Milton, and even in Milton himself, what shall we say of his contemporaries and immediate successors? Even the Puritan poets, who were in all respects the finest singers of those days, speak little of child-life, and when they do speak, pile up conceits and oddities. These men, who would trim the very daisies on a grave into quaint forms and characters, were mostly childless and overshadowed with religious sorrows. When the Restoration came, things were worse still. Our poets played French tunes till the world sickened, and scarcely one natural note reached the ears of the public. In that portentous collection of nervous English and vicious rubbish, known to the reader as "Dryden's Works," in that dusty legacy of a man who might have become a great English poet, and who doubtless was our very best

English critic, there is nothing natural save the fearless self-revelation of the writer who changed his creed every lustrum and would gladly have changed his skin had that been possible. Between Dryden and Pope the Muses were silent, save at routs and tea-parties; there was no mention of children or anything else innocent; and there was no true poetry. Pope rose, flourished, lied, and confirmed the artificial tendencies of his age; and Gay, who might have done better than any of his contemporaries, for he had real humour and a large heart, fiddled away his great gifts, leaving posterity his debtor for little more than the *Beggar's Opera*. About this period, Jonathan Swift sarcastically recommended the poor and fruitful Irish to *eat their babies*, and showed in divers other ways his contempt for ordinary human ties. Let us do Swift the justice, however, to observe that, in the same spirit of savage and relentless humour, he was demolishing the artificial structure of English poetry, showing its insincerity and worthlessness. English poetry was in a very bad way when Ambrose Phillips wrote his hideous infantine pieces,—on the little “Lady Charlotte Pulteney dressed to go to a ball,” &c.;—carrying the patch-box and the powder-brush into the very nursery, bedaubing infancy, and hailing it in anacreontics; all his feeling, on seeing a beautiful female child, being that it was not old enough to be made love to. Things were not much better in Johnson’s day, though the fresh and wholesome genius of Goldsmith was beginning to woo man back to nature and simple truth, and Bishop Percy published that book which, more than almost any other, renovated our poetic literature—the “Reliques” of antique ballads. A great heap of shameless trash was yet to be written and published ere that great poet rose, who stands in the foreground of modern poetry and dispenses light to all contemporaries and successors. Wordsworth was born, and English poetry was saved. He himself dwelt in long obscurity; but he filled the lamps of all the world honoured. Byron read Wordsworth secretly and was transformed from a feeble verse-writer into a living force, though he never had the grace to confess his obligation. Coleridge gave and received light to and from the same source. Without Wordsworth’s poetry to recruit his imperfect strength, Shelley could scarcely have become a subtle power at all. Even Keats drank something, though not much; he had scarcely begun to feel the world. Without Wordsworth, indeed, modern poetry might have remained at what might be called the “Addisonian” stage to this day.

And what did Wordsworth begin by doing? By writing what have been called savagely, but quite truly, “poems about babies,”—about the dim beginnings of life, about birds’-nests and flower-gathering,—about little village maidens, gipsy boys and idiot lads,—about Barbara Lewthwaite and her pet lamb, and Agnes Fell and her new cloak of “duffel grey.” No wonder that critics sneered and

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the public neglected. "Childishness, conceit, and affectation!" cried Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*; and afterwards proceeded to compare Wordsworth with Ambrose Phillips, and actually quoted the noblest passage in the noble "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" as a sample of utter raving and unintelligibility,—these lines, for example, among others!—

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us thither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Wordsworth's poems about children form a volume in themselves. To this great master, a child was a mysterious and beautiful agent; childhood, an unutterably significant epoch in the history of man. It would occupy too much space to show in how many ways he conveyed, through the medium of childhood, his sublime musings on human destiny, his strange sense, so novel to the world, of the links between physical nature and the human soul, his straightforward trust in the *simplicity* of all commanding thought. Let it suffice to say, that he opened up a new region of mystery, which was explored with him and after him by other commanding spirits,—by Coleridge, by Shelley, by Tennyson, and by Browning.

But Wordsworth was not altogether the originator of this revolution. Before the author of the "Lyrical Ballads" appeared, the first keynote of a nobler literature had been struck by William Blake, an extraordinary genius, generally known as "the mad painter." Blake's "Songs of Innocence" are full of a strange weird simplicity, like the speech of some elfin child. They open thus:—

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me,
"Pipe a song about a lamb;"
So I piped with merry cheer;
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
So I piped; he wept to hear.
"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer;
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.
"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanish'd from my sight;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stain'd the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

In these lamb-like moods Blake has no rival. There is a poem of his, narrating how a number of little sweeps got washed in a shining river in Heaven, which, for simple audacious beauty and quaintness of effect, is without a peer in our language. Old and gray in years, he was a cherub in soul. He was utterly devoid of guile. So tremendous was his simplicity of character, that he is said to have persuaded his wife to walk with him in the garden in a state of nature, in the manner of Adam and Eve. The ordinary modern explanation for such conduct as Blake's is summed up in one word—"insanity;" but the word is bandied about too readily. Many of his pranks were absurd from our point of view; but is it not perfectly obvious that we should feel in the same way towards any more spiritual being than ourselves, provided we did not quite fathom the living motive of such a being? Blake believed himself a spiritual person, and laid little stress on the body. Admitting for a moment (what the world won't admit) that the conception was a true one, there was nothing irrational in his conduct, after all. But be that as it may, he was a truly divine poet, and may be said to have sown in Wordsworth's mind the seeds of an imperishable literature. Compared with Blake's child-poems, Wordsworth's wonderful series may be described as less ethereal and more obtrusively pathetic. Wordsworth takes the philosophic attitude, and allows us, even in such exquisite poems as "Alice Fell," to catch a faint tone of the school-master. A wilder and more elfin light, a light more alien to Blake's ethereal mood, yet far removed from Blake's divine simplicity, burns in the child-like poems of Shelley. They are very few, and little known; the finest, indeed, is not printed in the body of his works at all. Another is the merest fragment, and, on that account, infinitely touching. It bewails the death of his child, buried among the ruins of Rome; and is full of an impulsive *gleam*, which gains brightness from the sudden finish—as if the poet could bear his grief no more:—

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

(With what truth may I say—
 Roma! Roma! Roma!
 Non è più come era prima!)

My lost William, thou in whom
 Some bright spirit lived, and did
 That decaying robe consume,
 Which its lustre faintly hid,
 Here its ashes find a tomb,
 But beneath this pyramid
 Thou art not. If a thing divine
 Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine
 Is thy mother's grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child?
 Let me think thy spirit feeds
 With its life intense and mild
 The love of living leaves and weeds,
 Among these tombs and ruins wild;—
 Let me think that through low seeds
 Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass,
 Into their hues and scents may pass
 A portion——

But far finer,—tremendous indeed in its blending of strong emotion and semi-scenic effect, is the extraordinary "Invocation," written under circumstances with which all the world is familiar:—

INVOCATION TO HIS CHILD.

The billows on the beach are leaping around it,
 The bark is weak and frail;
 The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it
 Darkly strew the gale.
 Come with me, thou delightful child,—
 Come with me, though the wave is wild,
 And the winds are loose; we must not stay,
 Or the slaves of law may send thee away.
 They have taken thy brother and sister dear,
 They have made them unfit for thee;
 They have withered the smile, and dried the tear,
 Which should have been sacred to me.
 To a blighting faith, and a cause of crime,
 They have bound them slaves in youthful time;
 And they will curse my name and thee,
 Because we fearless are and free.
 Come thou, beloved as thou art;
 Another sleepeth still
 Near thy sweet mother's anxious heart,
 Which thou with joy wilt fill
 With fairest smiles of wonder thrown
 On that which is indeed our own,
 And which in distant lands will be
 The dearest playmate unto thee.
 Fear not the tyrants will rule for ever,
 Or the priests of the evil faith;
 They stand on the brink of that raging river,
 Whose waves they have tainted with death.
 It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells,
 Around them it foams and rages and swells;
 And their swords and their sceptres I floating see
 Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.
 Rest, rest. Shriek not, thou gentle child!
 The rocking of the boat thou fearest,
 And the cold spray, and the clamor wild!
 There, sit between us two, thou dearest,
 Me and thy mother; well we know
 The storm at which thou tremblest so,

With all its dark and hungry graves,
 Less cruel than the savage slaves
 Who hunt thee o'er these sheltering waves.

This hour will in thy memory
 Be a dream of things forgotten ;
 We soon shall dwell by the azure sea
 Of serene and golden Italy,
 Or Greece, the mother of the free ;
 And I will teach thy infant tongue
 To call upon their heroes old
 In their own language, and will mould
 Thy growing spirit in the flame
 Of Grecian love, that by such name
 A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim.

It will be seen that the poet is too passionately moved to be exquisite ; the piece is as loose in writing as Byron's worst and most careless flights ; but it veritably trembles with power, rocking us on the billows of a stormy and broken style, until it ceases in a false and dangerous calm—the calm of agony and pride suppressed. Turn from it ; turn from the boat dancing on stormy waters, with its two hysteric figures ; and listen for a moment to the somewhat oilier tones of a great good-hearted philosopher—Plato's soul in Chadband's body—crying unctuously in a green English lane :—

MORNING INVITATION TO A CHILD.

The house is a prison, the school-room's a cell ;
 Leave study and books for the upland and dell ;
 Lay aside the dull poring, quit home and quit care ;
 Sally forth ! sally forth ! let us breathe the fresh air !
 The sky dons its holiday mantle of blue ;
 The sun sips his morning refreshment of dew ;
 Shakes joyously laughing his tresses of light,
 And here and there turns his eye piercing and bright ;
 Then jocund mounts up on his glorious car,
 With smiles to the morn—for he means to go far ;—
 While the clouds, that had newly paid court at his levee
 Spread sail to the breeze, and glide off in a bevy.
 Tree, and tree-tufted hedge-row, and sparkling between
 Dewy meadows enamelled in gold and in green,
 With king-cups and daisies that all the year please,
 Sprays, petals, and leaflets, that nod in the breeze,
 With carpets, and garlands, and wreaths, deck the way,
 And tempt the blithe spirit still onward to stray,
 Itself its own home ;—far away ! far away !

The butterflies flutter in pairs round the bower,
 The humble-bee sings in each bell of each flower ;
 The bee hums of heather and breeze-woeing hill,
 And forgets in the sunshine his toil and his skill ;
 The birds carol gladly—the lark mounts on high ;
 The swallows on wing make their tune to the eye,
 And as birds of good omen, that summer loves well,

Ever wheeling weave ever some magical spell.
 The hunt is abroad—hark! the horn sounds its note,
 And seems to invite us to regions remote.
 The horse in the meadow is stirred by the sound,
 And neighing impatient o'erleaps the low mound:
 Then proud in his speed o'er the champaign he bounds,
 To the whoop of the huntsman and tongue of the hounds.
 Then stay not within, for on such a blest day

We can never quit home, while with Nature we stray far away! far away!

This is delightful, especially as coming from Coleridge; and, indeed, all the great man's child-poems are lovely of their kind,—not quite so precious a kind as Blake's or Shelley's, but filling its worthy place in the catalogue of lovely things. Is it not, then, noticeable that all these men whom we have been quoting—Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley—men who virtually revolutionised literature, loved to fix their eyes on the dawn of life, with all its undeveloped issues and vague evanescent meanings?

When they had given mankind the poetry and philosophy of the business, it behoved gentle Tom Hood to chronicle its comicality, which he did delightfully in his "Parental ode to my son, aged three years and five months":—

Thou pretty opening rose,
 (Go to your mother, child, to wipe your nose!)
 Balmy and breathing music like the south,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth.)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)
 Bold as the hawk; yet gentle as the dove,—
 (I tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above.)

But there is another and deeper glimpse, in Hood's noblest vein, to be found in such pictures as that of the little schoolboy reading the "Death of Abel" in the playground, and listening to the frightful "dream" of Eugene Aram; in the delicious lines commencing

I remember, I remember,
 The house where I was born;

And generally among the pure serious pieces of this great and only half-appreciated English master.

In England, we must look for poems of this kind among the works of the great singers; but if we go to Scotland, we shall find a lyric in every cottage and a song for every cradle. The lowly Scotch are a home-loving and child-loving people, and express themselves almost instinctively in song. The fields, the highways, and the woods swarm with humble poets. Greatest, perhaps, of all Scotchmen who have written about children is a poet almost unknown in England, but crowned long ago as the laureate of the nursery in a thousand Scottish homes. His name is William Miller, and he is still living.

Before hearing another word on the score of his literary pretensions, read the following, and confess that it would be hard anywhere to find its peer :—

THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw ;
It would tak' me a lang summer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the morning till night shuts his e'e,
When he sleeps like a peerie 'tween father and me ;
For in his quiet turns siccan questions he'll speir :
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear ?
What gars the winds blow ? and whar frae comes the rain ?
He's a perfect divert,—he's a wonderfu' wean.

Or wha was the first bodie's father ? and wha
Made the very first snaw-shower that ever did fa' ?
And wha made the first bird that sang on a tree ?
And the water that swims a' the ships in the sea ?
But after I've told him, as weel as I ken,
Again he begins wi' his wha ? and his when ?
And he looks aye sae watchfu' the while I explain,—
He's as auld as the hills,—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk wha hae skill o' the lumps on the head,
Hint there's mae ways than toiling o' winning ane's bread ;
How he'll be a rich man, and hae men to work for him,
Wi' a kyte like a bailie's, shug, shugging afore him ;
Wi' a face like the moon, sober, sonsy, and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side of a house.
'T weel I'm unco ta'en up wi't, they mak' a' sae plain ;—
He's just a town's talk—a by-ordinar wean.

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat ;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far ower his knees,
The tap loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease.
Then he march'd thro' the house, he march'd but, he march'd ben,
Like ower mony mae o' our great little men,
That I leugh clean outright, for I couldna contain,
He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean.

But 'mid a' his daffin' sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose ;
And the unclouded hinnie-beam aye in his e'e
Mak's him every day dearer and dearer to me !
Though fortune be saucy and doury and dour,
And gloom through her fingers like hills through a shower,
When bodie's hae got ae bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts,—he's the wonderfu' wean !

This poem is only one of many by the same lowly author, all as exquisite in literary workmanship as delightful in their quaint affectionate insight. "Wee Willie Winkie" is another perfect gem. In some we have the most delicate touches of nature, as in the poem called "Hairst," or Autumn :—

Come, hairst-time, then, unto my bairn,
 Drest in thy gayest gear,
 Wi' saft and winnowing winds to cool
 The gloaming of the year !

In others we find the oddest turns of humour, as in "Cockie-leerie-la," where the farm-yard cock gets his apotheosis as "a country gentleman who leads a thrifty life," whose "step is firm and even," his "bearing bold," as if he said "I'll never be a slave," and who, if he had a "pair of specks on his nose," and a "dickie," or shirt-front, on his neck, would look uncommonly like "Doctor Drawblood," of village notoriety. But mark the moral, old boys as well as young:—

So hain wi' care each sair-won plack, and honest pride will fill
 Your purse wi' gear,—e'en far-off friends will bring grist to your mill ;
 And if, when grown to be a man, your name's without a flaw,
 Then—rax your neck and tune your pipes to—*Cockie-leerie-la !*

William Miller may not be recognised by the great world ; but he is at any rate certain of his immortality. Other poets have written admirably in the same vein ; but his is the master-touch, as unmistakable in its humble way as the colouring of a Titian or the magic "smudge" of a Turner.

Since Wordsworth and the rest, a whole school of child-poetry has arisen ; we do not hear of poetry written for children to read, which is quite another thing, but of poetry more or less connected with child-life. In one of Tennyson's finest Idyls, that of "Dora," a child is the mysterious agent curing human wrong and misinterpretation ; and child-life is the subject of many of the same writer's best lyrics. Browning even has unbent in the same direction, and given us, besides many more serious pieces such as the profound little vignette called "Protus," his immortal "Piper of Hamelin." It would be impossible to enumerate, much less to quote, all the writers who have followed suit. But in any chronicle of this sort, honour should be paid to the anonymous author of "Lilliput Levee,"—one of the most pleasant little volumes of pot-pourri in our language. In other quarters, childish subjects have been carried to the verge of namby-pamby, and we have had a great deal of sickly twaddle—chiefly by ladies. The infantine manner is very offensive when persisted in beyond a certain point.

Here must cease our very imperfect sketch of a most interesting subject. Surely we have shown unmistakably that those poets have ever been the greatest whose hearts have been in tune with all innocent loveliness ; and that where among the poetry of any epoch we do not see a Child's Face peeping out somewhere or other, we may safely conclude that the society and the poetry of the said epoch were in a low and miserable condition.

THE CAPTURE OF EUREKA HART.*

(An Incident from a forthcoming Poem.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ABE AND HIS SEVEN WIVES."

THE wild wood rings, the wild wood gleams,
The wild wood laughs with voices gay ;
Thro' its green heart a bright beck streams
Sparkling like gold in the sun's beams,
But creeping like a silvern ray
Where dense boughs hang and dim the day.
Husht, hot, and Eden-like all seems,
And onward through the place of dreams
Eureka, broad awake, doth stray.

Broad, wide awake, and happy-eyed,
With the wild tangled light for guide,
He wanders, and at times doth pass
Thro' open glades of gleaming grass,
With spiderwort and larkspur spread,
And great anemones blood-red.
On every side the forest closes,
The myriad trees are interlaced,
Starr'd with the white magnolia-roses
And by the purple vines embraced.
Beneath, on every pathway shine
The fallen needles of the pine ;
Around, are dusky scented bowers,
Bridged with the glorious lian-flowers ;
Above, far up thro' the green trees,
The palm thrusts out its fan of green,
Softly it stirs in a soft breeze,
Far up against the heavenly sheen.

And all between the topmost palm
Is sultry shade and air of balm,
Where shielded from the golden rays
Scream choirs of parroquets and jays,

* The scene is laid on the most southern shores of the Mississippi; time, the beginning of the present century.—ED.

Where 'mid the dreamy warmth is heard
The wild cry of the echo-bird ;
And on the grass as thick as bees
Run mocking-birds and wood-doves small,
Pecking the crimson strawberries
And fruits that from the branches fall,
And rising up with gleam and cry
When the bright snake glides hissing by,
Springs from the grass and swift as light
Slips after the chameleons bright
From bough to bough, and here and there
Pauses and hangs in the green air,
Festoon'd in many a glittering fold
Like some loose chain of gems and gold.

Smoke from a mortal pipe is blent
With cedar and acacia scent.
Phlegmatically relishing,
Eureka smokes ; from every tree
The wood-doves brood, the wild birds sing,
The forest doth salute its King,
The monarch Man,—but what cares he ?
His eyes are dull, his soul in vain
Hears the strange tongues of his domain ;
No echo comes to the wild strain
From the dark cavern of his brain.

But hark ! what quick and sparkling cry
Darts like a fountain to the sky ?
How, human voices ! strangely clear
They burst upon the wanderer's ear !
He stoops, he listens—hark again ;
Wild rippling laughter rises plain !

O'er his fair face a look of wonder
Is spreading—" Injins here, by thunder !"
He cocks his gun and stands to hear,
Sets his white teeth together tight,
Then silent-footed as the deer
Creeps to the sound. The branches bright
Thicken around him : with quick flight
The doves and blue-birds gleam away
Shooting in showers from spray to spray ;
A thicket of a thousand blooms,
Green, rose, white, blue, one rainbow glow,
Closes around him ; strange perfumes,

Crush'd under foot in the rich glooms,
Load the rich air as he doth go.
The harmless snakes around him glow
With emerald eyes ; wild arms of vine
Trip him and round his neck entwine,
Bursting against his stained skin
Their grapes of purple, glossy-thin.
And still the rippling laughter flows
Before him as he creeps and goes ;
Till suddenly, with a strange look
He crouches down in a green nook,—
Crouches and gazes from the bowers
Curtain'd and covered up in flowers,
And sees the green chameleons stand
On moveless boughs on every hand.

O what strange sight before him lies ?
Why does he gaze with sparkling eyes
And beating heart ?—Deep, bright, and cool
Before him gleams a crystal pool
Fed by the beck : and o'er its brim
Festoons of roses, mirror'd dim,
Hang drooping low on every side ;
And glorious moths and dragon-flies
Hover above ; and gleaming eyed
The stingless snake hangs blossom-wise
In loose folds sleeping. Not on these
Gazes Eureka thro' the trees :
Snake never made such smiles to grace
His still blue eyes and sun-tann'd face,
And never flower, however fair,
Would fix that face to such a stare.

And yet like gleaming water-snakes
They wind and glisten in the pool ;
Above their waists in glistening flakes
The molten sunlight slips and shakes ;
Beneath their gleaming limbs bathe cool.
One floats above with laughter sweet,
And sparkles silver with her feet ;
One clinging to the drooping boughs
Leans back, and lets her silken hair
Run backward from her rippling brows,
And on her shoulders dark and bare
Blossoms fall thick and linger there
Nestling and clinging. To the throat

Cover'd one dark-eyed thing doth float—
Her face a flower, her locks all wet,
Tendrils and leaves around it set. . . .
O sight most strangely beautiful !
Three Indian naiads in a pool !

Eureka, be it understood,
Though beaver-born, was flesh and blood ;
And what he saw in day's broad gold
Was stranger far a thousand-fold
Than that wild scene old Tam o' Shanter

In Scotland saw one winter night—
(Ah, with the Scottish bard to canter
On Pegasus to Fame instanter,

Singing one song so trim and tight !)
He look'd and look'd, like Tam ; like him
On the most fair of face and limb
Fixing most long his wandering eye.
For I, like greater bards, should lie
If I averred that all and one
Who sported there beneath the sun
Were gloriously fair of face ;
But they were women of wild race
Clad in the most bewitching dress,
Their own unconscious loveliness ;
And though their beauty might not be

Perfect in seeming, they were fine,
Bright-eyed, red-lipp'd, made strong and free

In many a cunning curve and line
A sculptor would have deemed divine.

Not so the rest, who all around
With fierce eyes squatted on the ground
Nodding approval,—squaws and crones
Clapping their hands with eager groans.
These were the witches, I might say,
Of this new tropic Alloway.

[As for the devil, even he
Was by the serpent represented
Swinging asleep from a green tree,
And mirror'd, gloriously painted,
In the bright water where the three
Laughed and disported merrily.]

But chiefly poor Eureka gazed
Trembling, dumb-stricken, and amazed,
On the most beautiful of all,

Who, standing on the water-side,
A perfect shape, though slight and small
(The bright azalias grew as tall
Behind her) paused erect and dried
Her gleaming body, head to feet,
In one broad ray of golden heat.
Naked she stood, but her strange sheen
Of beauty clad her like a queen,
And gleaming rings of yellow gold
Were round her wrists and ankles rolled ;
And on her skin Eureka scann'd
A symbol bright as of a brand
Held burning in a human hand.

She laughed and spoke in a strange tongue,
And eager laughter round her rung ;
While wading out all laughing-eyed
She sat upon the water-side
And pelted merrily the rest
With blossoms bright and flowers of jest.

Ah, little did Eureka guess
While wondering at her loveliness,
The same small form had softly crept
And look'd upon him while he slept,
And thought him (*him*, the man of Maine,
Civilizee, with beaver brain !)
Beauteous, in passion's first wild beam,
Beyond all Indian guess or dream !

Eureka Hart, tho' tempted more
Than e'er was mortal man before,
Did not, like Tam o' Shanter, break
The charm with wild applause or call :
Too wise for such a boor's mistake,
He held his tongue observing all.
But while the hunter forward bent,
Sharing the glorious merriment,
He moved a little unaware,
The better to behold the sport,
And lo ! upon the heavy air
Off went his gun with sharp report ;
And while the bullet past his ear
Whizz'd quick, he stagger'd with the shock,
And with one scream, distinct and clear,
Rose the red women in a flock.

The naked bathers stood and screamed,
The wild squaws cried, their white teeth gleamed ;
And ere he knew, with startled face,
He staggered to the open space,
The sharp vines tript him, and, confounded,
He stumbled, gripping still his gun,
And by the chattering choir surrounded,
Half dazed, lay lengthways in the sun !

As when a clumsy grizzly bear
Breaks on a dove-town unaware !
As when some snake, unwieldy heap,
Drops from a pine-bough half asleep
Plump in the midst of grazing sheep !
Even so amid the screaming swarm
Suddenly dropt the giant's form.
They leapt, they cried, they closed, they scattered ;
Some fled, some stood, all called and chattered ;
And to Eureka in his daze
Innumerable seemed, as jays
And parroquets in the green ways !
Had they been men, despite their throng
In sooth he had lain still less long ;
But somehow in the stars 'twas fated
He for a space was fascinated,
And ere he knew what he should do,
All round about him swarm'd the crew,
Sharp-eyed, quick-fingered, and despite
His struggling clung around him tight !
Half-choked, half-smothered by embraces,
In a wild mist of arms and faces,
He staggered up,—in vain, in vain !
Hags, squaws, and maidens in a chain
Clung round him, and with quicker speed
Than ye this running rhyme can read,
With tendrils tough as thongs of hide,
Torn from the trees on every side,
In spite of all his strength the band
Had bound the giant, foot and hand !

THE FUNERAL OF MR. MAURICE.

It is an exceedingly difficult thing to write of the late Mr. Maurice. His own hatred of rhetoric rises up to rebuke not only fine writing, but every form of phraseology imperfectly charged with meaning—even if anybody at all likely to speak respectfully and sincerely about him was also likely to be found among rhetoricians or any of the classes who write ever so remotely for ends of effect. But notwithstanding this difficulty, there is a striking absence of embarrassment in the different comments that his departure has given rise to; everybody who has spoken seems to have felt free to speak, and that, too, in spite of the indefiniteness or remoteness of what everybody has had to say. If there are a very few exceptions to the truth of all this, Mr. Maurice himself would be the first to wish them left unspecified. Let them pass.

Though the works of Mr. Maurice, even on very dry subjects, had a singular fascination—"fascinating" is the word applied to one of his books by a man as diverse as Mr. G. H. Lewes—Maurice belonged to that comparatively small class of writing men who are greater than their writings. Their efficacy (to coin a word upon a French model) lies in a personal *aura* more than in their written or spoken words. Not, of course, that these could have been dispensed with in the total which we sum up in the word Maurice; but that, inscrutably, the man, as a person, takes possession of us, and not what he writes. Probably not one of all those who ever thought much about Mr. Maurice read or heard so very little of his words as I did; but few men ever inspired me with so strong a feeling of personal devotion. Among the strikingly miscellaneous crowd which gathered around his burial-place at Highgate on that day of bleak spring sunshine there must have been many who scarcely knew why they were there. All over the world there were undoubtedly many who *wished* they had been there, and yet could hardly account for the wish, or say what "drew" them. What was it?

It is not so very many years since Maurice was classed with a "school" who were said to "wink at George Sand behind their backs;" and, since his death, it has been said that he strove after "a more genial Christianity than was to be found in the New Testament." Let us not deal harshly with such language as that last quoted. It merely means that, to the minds of those who wrote it, Maurice was always struggling to efface boundary lines of Divine authority which (to the same minds) were so clearly drawn that it seemed impossible

any one should miss seeing them, unless he tried to do so. In dealing with such momentous matters, any one who thinks thus is, or at least may be, sacredly bound to speak thus; and, with all his tenderness, Maurice was too hard a bitter to wish any honest stroke withheld. But, perhaps, with the help of a little more flexibility of mind, we may state the case in different and juster terms, which shall yet admit within their limits something of what seems true to minds less flexible and receptive. What was it, after all, which some people call "genial Christianity?" I mean in its essence, for Maurice was undoubtedly "genial" in the least non-natural sense of the word.

I have recently read that Mr. Maurice was, when he began life, a Unitarian. The fact was new to me, but did not surprise me. There are two leading, or, rather, determining kinds of religiousness: one which refers itself to a sense of Divine Power, as working in signs and miracles (this in its lowest form is superstition or fetichism); another which refers itself to a sense of the Divine as morally perfect. The first we will call Wonder, the other we will call Veneration. Among Unitarians the Wonder is, as a rule, weak; but, speaking as an observer of human nature, I must take upon myself to say that it is among them as a body that I have seen some of the very strongest instances of high Veneration pure and simple. And, in other cases than that of Mr. Maurice, it has, within my observation, led to a kind of moral and spiritual top-heaviness in the total of the man which has eventually flung him out of the Unitarian community into some other in which the Veneration was set free from the strain to which it fancied itself exposed by certain conditions of theological freedom. Mr. Maurice would be the first to pardon the homeliness of the word I have used; but, to repeat it, he was one of those peculiar products of Unitarian religious culture to which I have referred, and the top-heaviness in question was, after all, the most striking thing about the man. We may see it in Channing, or we may see it in Fénelon, and we may see its secular analogue in other cases. In Maurice it took a very peculiar form indeed. This was determined by other conditions.

One of these conditions was the intense gregariousness of his nature. If any modern teacher had "the enthusiasm of humanity" in him, surely that man was Maurice. The phrase, or something very like it, occurs in Quinet (I think), but it always struck me that when the author of "*Ecce Homo*" gave it English currency, Mr. Maurice had somehow got into his head. The type of character now referred to is a very peculiar one, and very rare, when its essential element is, as it was in the case of Maurice, instinctive, and bound up with the rest of the man's moral nature. Look for a moment at a man like Shelley. There you have, assuredly, an enthusiasm of humanity; but it is on the one hand fortified, and on the other dragged down, by an exacting Ideality. He would fly at the throat of

wrong, and would do the homeliest thing in the world to relieve another's pain; but then he had reactionary moments in which he turned with disgust from human beings as they are, and from the actual "gristle," as Mr. Hutton calls it, of working progress. Mr. Maurice was not troubled with any such greedy idealism—indeed, some of us find him a little deficient on the poetic side, but this deficiency, if it existed, did not prevent his thoroughly entering upon any idealism which had a moral or religious root. To illustrate—it is probable that no man could better have understood Mazzini, Robert Owen, or Tom Paine. I do not mean speculatively, however; for it seems to me that when Mr. Maurice had *explained* any other human being, he had simply put a Maurice inside him. This could not possibly be otherwise with a man who found "in the form of baptism a bond of union with Arians, Unitarians, Sabellians," and other aliens; and announced that if he believed the Athanasian Creed he must be "in sympathy with the beliefs of all sorts of men," because, otherwise, he would be "confounding the Persons or dividing the Substance." I am quoting from "The Conflict of Good and Evil in our Day," Letter XI.—a book whose avowed reason of existence presents a startling example of what numbers of us will persist in calling the inconsequence of the author's mind. It may be said to begin by severely attacking a speech of Bishop Wilberforce, which there was no particular reason for noticing at all, and then by founding comment upon it, as if this "painfully rhetorical" Bishop, from whose address many good and wise men had turned with "disgust," had been a divine mouthpiece of the very utmost consequence and the very highest authority. The book is a curious illustration of what I was going to call the incessant *ego quoque* and *tu quoque* movement of the mind of Mr. Maurice—a movement which appeared to be for ever on the point of tumbling over into a sort of Divine Fatalism.

Here we have approached the core of the fascination which drew a multitude so diverse to Highgate Cemetery. Men believed that Mr. Maurice was a religious teacher who had found out the secret of Holiness without Exclusiveness. There was in most of them, and not least (though perhaps by no means most) among those who are not as a rule quickly moved by devout or even very serious impulses, a feeling that Religion, as Mr. Maurice presents it, was (to repeat an image of my own) a Sanctuary, not a fortified enclosure; that in his mind a "saving faith" was something positive, and that the burthen of the rest was thrown upon you, or, rather, upon your ultimate, or, as Mr. Maurice would have said, your "eternal" relation with the Father of men. The whole of the Maurice doctrine was never formulated in such language that ordinary men could find it in the New Testament, or, without violence, tack it on to that book; and, as to the doctrine of a Church, I know of nothing of his so definitely

suggestive as an article on Erastianism by Mr. Llewelyn Davies, which appeared some time ago in the *Contemporary Review*. From the grand difficulty which has beset others, Mr. Maurice, holding so distinctly that the soul could at no time get away from the divine hold of it, was of course free. He had no need to discuss 'final perseverance,' or 'falling away from grace,' or the possibility, by a verdict on this side of the grave, of excluding any one from the church triumphant as well as the church militant (the reader will think of Savonarola as I am now doing). Mr. Maurice found the enemy he had to combat in the very conceptions out of which arise all such strifes. And nothing can be more plainly marked (for *him*) than the language in which he deals with such questions. In Letter IX. of the book from which quotation has already been made, occurs this passage :—

"We have talked about the sins of churchmen as if they were venial sins ; about the sins of men outside the church as if they were mortal sins. We have not frankly acknowledged that these heresies and divisions of ours are the root-sins of human society ; those which are threatening its dissolution ; those which are most directly at war with the spirit of holiness. If the Sermon on the Mount is true, Christ did not come to put down murder, but the hatred which produces murder ; not adultery, but the lusts which produce adultery. He came to regenerate the principle, not to improve the surface of human existence. If there is a church on earth, it is a witness for the renovation of the springs of human action. And the chosen witness exhibits the principle of hatred, of separation, in its most terrible forms."

This is language which might well anger "churchmen," by which is surely meant not ecclesiastics proper, and find a ready hearing among those that were "without." Among these, the serious and wistful, but, in common Evangelicalised language, "not decided" people, there was a feeling, counterpart to that which existed in the Evangelical school, that they had not got to the bottom of the Maurician doctrine, even when they had got thus far, or, rather, that it had a capacity of even wider inclusion than they knew ; and among the best of these, the personal attraction towards the teacher was immense.

It must be remembered that these lines are not in any degree addressed to the Maurician doctrine as a doctrine, but chiefly to the personal influence which attracted so mixed a gathering at the preacher's funeral. Among these must be reckoned the *aura* of the intense personality of the man. A strong sense of personality—I have been sometimes inclined to call it an abnormal sense of it—lay at the bottom of his doctrine of the incarnation of the Evil Spirit ; and generally of his refusal to become exclusive. It comes out strongly in the following passage (from the same volume) :—

"A civilization without a Spirit is a civilization which must always be limited to the easy and comfortable portion of society. It will affect their behaviour, not their manners ; it will come forth in an external and dishonest

politeness, not in gentleness and grace. In a commercial community, the possession of money will be the highest sign of it. Art, literature, science, religion will bow to that, and will take its standard for their standard. The mass of the people will be regarded as dangerous. To keep them from mischief—if preaching does not avail—they may be offered education, or amusement, or a share of political power. *But they will not be revered as men*; for that is not the distinction upon which their superiors value themselves—rather upon their being unlike the rest of mankind."

It was his obviously strong sense of personality that first "drew" me towards Maurice, and deeply was I indebted to him for his influence. True, it seemed to me that this peculiarity of his—abnormal as I then thought, and still think it, and so it was given him of God—must have its drawbacks in the realm of formula and speculation, and I deliberately held back from doing more than letting this stream into me as an influence. But there it was; and it was a precious gift of Heaven to this generation.

The following passage is worth looking at twice; it has numerous parallels in the writings of Mr. Maurice:—

"This language about Persons and Substance, which is to me most real, which speaks to my conscience and detects my moral obliquities, conveys no sense whatever to many minds. *Is it not madness in me, and wild fighting against God, to insist that it should convey a sense to them?* If I am thankful to God for preserving that and every other form of speech which has a true scientific force, for the use of mankind, I may be equally thankful to Him that He leads His children by the most different routes to the knowledge of Him. I may be thankful that no ignorance of metaphysics and no bad metaphysics can hinder the operation of His Spirit, the revelation of his truth. If the message of the Gospel, the words of Christ's commission, have not deceived us, the operation of that Spirit, the revelation of that Truth, must be for the commonest people of the earth, for all nations."

Here we have the sense of personality running out into what I have called a kind of Divine Fatalism; and Mr. Maurice was far too acute a man not to remember as he wrote, that other substantives might have been substituted for "metaphysics," and yet the sense of the words have remained the same.

There was undoubtedly a natural deficiency in Mr. Maurice's powers of expression. As a certain school would say, his organ of language was deficient. There was something laboured about his best writing; and the "obscurity" was too often quite real, and the simple result of inexperience in the turning of sentences. He retained to the last the fascination, whatever it may be, of a teacher who is only partially made out because he is labouring with a burden too heavy. That he felt and taught that words and systems can never exhaust truths in themselves does not carry us far; for who ever supposed they could? There was real, downright awkwardness of expression in the writings of Mr. Maurice; and if his natural facility of exposition had been greater, we should not have heard so much of the incapacity of words and formulæ.

The subject of the exclusion of Mr. Maurice from preferment in the Church of England is closely connected with some of what has gone before. To say that with him the *nolo episcopari* would have been much more than a form would be simply ludicrous. He was utterly and hopelessly unworldly. I have already said how I felt, at a distance, and scarcely knowing anything about his writings, the help there was for me in his intense instinct of personality. For myself, like a certain prince, in a certain poem, I always had (more or less always shall have, and but for Maurice and another should much more have)—

“weird seizures, heaven knows what ;
On a sudden in the midst of men and day,
And while I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,
I seemed to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream.”

But next to the attraction bound up in the help I got from Maurice in this regard—if, indeed, the two things were not in my experience coördinated—stood the attraction of his *unworldliness*. It is not over his grave that we should have bitter thoughts or write bitter words about the rareness of this quality, but we may, perhaps, without offence, agree that those to whom it belongs have at least this consolation—they soon find each other out, and whatever throws them apart, *this* forms a mighty bond of union between them. Three persons more unlike than Maurice, Mill, and George Eliot, could hardly be named ; George Eliot declares that the best of our lives consists of “organised traditions,” and Mr. Mill adheres to a scheme of moral philosophy which Maurice detested ; but does any human being doubt that these three found one another out ? There is abundant proof—some of it very curious proof—that they *did*, but I am so made that I care less for proof that things have happened than for the *a priori* discovery that they *must* happen ; and the facts which I know do not interest me so much as the kind of certainty which appeals to direct vision. There was also about Maurice a large fund of downright boyish simplicity. He would go out of his way to congratulate another writer or speaker on meaning something which we will, for convenience of grammatical construction, call X. Now this X was something intensely Mauricean, but utterly alien to the thought of the gentleman, Blank, or the lady, Blankina. But Maurice, with solemn and profound *bonhomie*, would go about to congratulate Blank or Blankina upon having said X, the fact being that X was simply the Mauricean translation of something totally different, which had been really said by the other person. Now, all this, accompanied with the most entire frankness and disregard of mere etiquette, did undoubtedly constitute the type of man called “dangerous.” And it was a true instinct, among those in high places, which discovered that Maurice, as dean or

bishop, would have been, and would have done, exactly the same: always "unexcised, unhired," and, though with a difference, "untameable as flies," he would have acted with frank reference to the moral and spiritual conditions of every case, and would, as far as one can judge, have been an "unsafe" dignitary. The reader will not misjudge me—"Lord, more of this unsafeness give thou to" ever so many people who are brutally and basely safe—but that was Maurice. Everybody will remember the Mill-Bradlaugh story. What Mr. Mill did was the immediate cause of his being turned out of Westminster; and even Mr. Mill's friends, and intelligent ones too, professed to be surprised and disgusted at his want of practical wisdom, and his "egotistic" disregard of the *subauditur* of the "compact" between him and them. Now, these things were many degrees of latitude below Mr. Mill's horizon. And so were things of the kind below that of Maurice. He did a somewhat similar thing when many years ago he wrote the introduction to Canon Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy"—an act of generous daring for which he afterwards apologised as one of "presumption." I forget when this latter apology occurred, but it was probably on some occasion when Maurice again came to the front in behalf of his friend—perhaps in the Newman-Kingsley controversy. The reader will understand that the force of the word "presumption" lay in this—that the noble Maurice had, in subsequent years, become so possessed by the genius of his younger friend that, on looking back, his outspoken apology for the latter's early poem now seemed to him founded upon an unfair estimate of his own consequence.

This brings us close to a topic upon which much has been written—the humility of Mr. Maurice. It is a topic with which, in the absence of personal knowledge of the man, the writer of these lines will not venture to deal. It is a very intricate subject. The word humility may bear a great many meanings. In my meaning I should not have said it was not an *original* characteristic of the nature of Mr. Maurice, and nothing that I have read of him since his death disposes me to attempt to correct my first impression of the man. I should certainly say that an intense instinct of personality could not co-exist with what I mean by humility. But it may and usually does ally itself with an excess of reverence and a powerful instinct of fairness. However, I will not pursue the subject.

That Maurice was morally and spiritually top-heavy I must once more insist—really meaning something by that word, too. Briefly, his super-intellectual endowment was too much for the intellectual, and pitched him over from his first vocation. What was that? I believe that with a slight deduction from the pressure upon the upper story of his nature, Maurice would have been the very greatest historian that ever lived.

H.

PITY THE POOR DRAMA!

DEEPER and deeper! darker and darker! A little time ago there seemed a dim prospect that the poor old Drama of England might improve in health, and, shaking off some of its fatal bad habits and traditions, give us one final exhibition of a noble sort before it disappeared finally from the mortal scene; but things have taken another turn, unfavourable symptoms have manifested themselves, and the Drama seems doomed. A more piteous spectacle than its unrepentant deathbed can scarcely be conceived! The child of Shakspeare and Jonson, the glorious creature who illuminated generations, and seemed predestined to immortal life, is passing away in a chamber full of the fumes of wine and the smell of tobacco, nursed by a lady in pink tights and a blonde wig (known to the modern playgoer as the Comic Muse), soothed to sleep by the plaintive melody of the bones, and bewailed decorously by poor, solitary Mr. Phelps, whom you may observe standing (in a chimney-pot hat) in the background. There the immortal creature lies, poisoned by a long course of dissipation, and finished off by a generation of dramatic quacks.

The present state of matters, not without any metaphor at all, is very simple. There is not at present in London more than a single dramatist worthy of the name, not one thoroughly great actor, not two decent actresses, and scarcely one theatre where a man of taste may go for a rational evening's entertainment. A glance at the advertising columns of the daily newspapers is most distressing. The leading theatre, having distinguished itself by a set of performances worthy of Richardson's Show, is given over to Italian Opera. The Haymarket has a pretty comedy by Mr. Gilbert, of which more anon. The Adelphi and the Princess's are representing respectively two pieces of about the literary merit of stories published for shop-boys in penny numbers. The Lyceum has "The Bells," a disagreeable play full of good effects, with an actor who, in the present dearth of any talent, has been advancing to a position far beyond his actual merits. The Gaiety has a farce—"Shilly-Shally"—called in the playbills a comedy, in which Mr. Toole contrives, by wriggling and talking through his nose, to secure his share of laughing approval. At the Court, Messrs. Westland Marston and W. G. Wills have produced "Broken Spells," an ambitious attempt, possessing the sort of inspiration usually confined to the Surrey side of the Thames. The Holborn is given over to sheer idiocy and a libretto, furnished in a rash moment by Mr. Burnand. The Prince of Wales goes on representing

"Caste," Mr. Robertson's successful, pretty, but very commonplace comedy. At none of these houses, and in none of these places, have we any really first-rate acting. "Caste" is the best specimen of careful study and elaborate painstaking, with a certain cleverness in the direction of character-playing; "Pygmalion and Galatea" comes next, with a higher poetical touch, from our one really worthy dramatist; but all the other pieces are worthless dramatically, and all the other acting—with the exception of Mr. Irving's, which is striking if not really powerful—is worthy of a profession without education, and a public seemingly without taste. We have omitted to mention "Cymbeline" at the Queen's. Its production is highly interesting, as affording us once more the spectacle of a sixth-rate actress thrust into one of Shakspeare's finest parts, and earning by some miraculous fascination the applause of the public press. The other day Miss Hodson was a burlesque actress. Now, much in the same way that poets awake and find themselves famous, she discovers herself managing a theatre and playing Imogen before an intelligent British audience.

This, however, is nothing wonderful; though how the thing is arranged, and by what means ladies of small talent, or no talent at all, rise rapidly to the top of their profession, passes our comprehension. Take Miss Neilson, who certainly possesses strong dramatic instinct, which might have been converted into dramatic faculty, if its owner had not suddenly found herself admitted to leading parts. Miss Ada Cavendish, at the Court Theatre, is described by some critics as a lady of extraordinary genius, but if she had not been thrust forward the public would have taken a long time to discover the genius in question. We should have fancied, indeed, that the ladies we have mentioned could have played small parts very prettily, if they had been properly trained; never, until the critics told us so, should we have supposed them possessed of great natural faculty or average artistic culture. What a blessing it is, therefore, that we have so many managers whose rapture at genius is so great that they would allow an actress to wear a green satin dress with a long train, when supposed to be living in the Scottish Highlands and alighting from a leaky Highland punt,* and so many critics whose faith is unbounded enough to comprehend the "intensity" of an Ada Cavendish and the "passion" of a Henrietta Hodson!

Those who are in the habit of visiting London theatres on the occasion of the production of a new play are familiar with the faces of certain gentlemen who sit in the stalls and boxes—melancholy men for the most part, as if their theatrical fare disagreed with them; not specially striking in appearance, save for a certain tendency to wear false fronts and to smell of mysterious liquors; in no way to be con-

* The allusion is to Miss Neilson's costume in "Life for Life."

founded with those smaller creatures who wash their hands and faces before they go to the play. These (whisper it low) are the Critics! Apart from their profession, they are by no means eminent, though some of them have written books; but in their places, as masters of the drama, they are terrific beings. How tremendously they frown! how graciously they smile! Yet, awful as they look, there is scarcely any limit to their toleration. Myriads of idiotic representations have made them groan at nothing. They come to the theatre, as to the sacrifice, patiently enduring. Watch them, and observe how they yawn. Listen to them, and hear how they ridicule the dramatist and sneer at the actress. Why, they actually see the humbug of the whole performance as thoroughly as you do! Can these be the men who write the glowing eulogiums you read next day over the breakfast-table, with your head still aching from the sufferings of the previous night?

Even so. Accustomed for long years to a demoralised stage, these critics have become in their turn demoralised, and puff the very entertainments they secretly despise. Generally speaking, we believe they do not really desire high art; it would tire and weary them. Their profession, a poor one pecuniarily, tempts no really powerful thinker into their ranks. They number in their little band no man of even average eminence. One or two of them are cultivated men; many of them quite uncultivated. At their head, as the representative of the *Times*, stands, or lately stood, Mr. John Oxenford, an educated person, and the author of many literary trifles, but a writer quite indisposed to criticise dramatic art from a noble standpoint. Among them, until very lately, was numbered Mr. John Hollingshead, now a London manager, who, boldly avowing that there are so many thousand "fools" in London for whom he has to cater, turns the Gaiety Theatre into a cross between a playhouse, a restaurant, and a smoking divan. These gentlemen, these so-called critics, have got to the point of seldom or never condemning a piece unless it is something outrageously bad or outrageously unpopular; they praise without blushing the trash produced at Drury Lane, the Adelphi, and other homes of melodrama, and they seldom or never attempt to lead the public in a nobler and healthier direction. Under their fostering care, good acting has become almost extinct.

Nemesis, however, has descended on the heads of the critics of late, and the public, like all basely flattered animals, does not thank them for pampering its degraded tastes, but turns upon and despises them. Things indeed have come to such a pass, that any trash can be forced to run, despite every sort of public protest. A piece damned for its sheer worthlessness on the first night is now-a-days by no means doomed to death, but may possibly go on flourishing for two or three hundred nights. Most utter failures are let down very gently. Sometimes, on the other hand, the dramatic critics rise up *en masse*,

either because there is some strong grievance against the author (a very common case), or because our gentlemen are seized with a sudden attack of virtue. A remarkable instance of sudden and simultaneous honesty occurred recently, on the production of a comedy at the Globe Theatre, from the pen of a young dramatist, Mr. Albery. This piece, "Forgiven" by name, was neither better nor worse than most pieces of its class; it possessed some very good points of the Robertsonian sort, such as the cutting up of a "real" wedding-cake on the stage; and it enabled Miss Carlotta Addison to act prettily and look very interesting. For secret causes, best known, perhaps, to the manager of the theatre, almost all the critics in London treated "Forgiven" with indiscriminate abuse,—abuse almost pitiless and shameless, seeing what productions the same critics were every day noticing, if not with favour, at least with tolerance. A number of years ago, perhaps, the manager would have tremblingly withdrawn the offending play. Not so Mr. Montague, manager of the Globe. Instead of admitting the attacks to be fair and right, he kept the piece before the public, and shortly afterwards filled all the newspapers with the following advertisement:—

"FORGIVEN.—To the Public.—Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have been reticent with regard to the success or failure, whichever it might prove to be, of Mr. Albery's piece; but now, after three weeks' trial, during which, in the face of the adverse criticism of most of the press, the play has been enthusiastically received by crowded audiences, I feel bound, in justice to the author, my company, and to my own judgment, to announce that the comedy has proved an unmistakable success. So long as it draws forth such unqualified marks of approval as it has done, I beg unassumingly to inform you it shall remain the prominent feature in the bills of my theatre, but whenever it fails to meet with your support another comedy shall be presented to you.—Your faithful servant, H. J. MONTAGUE.—GLOBE THEATRE."

Far be it from us to extenuate the conduct of Mr. Montague. It should be treated as it deserves, and the theatrical manager who insults his critics should in future be ignored by the critics altogether. But that such conduct would have been impossible if criticism were really what it should be, must be patent to the most careless observer. The public, accustomed to venal and dishonest puffs, and to insincere "slurring over" of wretched failures, now distrusts the newspapers altogether, and judges entirely for itself; and, being a poor helpless public at the best, its judgment is often wrong and almost always perverse.

Mr. Montague clearly indicates the point of view of the manager, which amounts simply to this: that the public shall have what it asks for, however wretched and however base. If it demands legs, it shall be feasted with legs; if it craves for real pumps, real hansom cabs, real water, its craving shall be appeased. On the other hand, if it

wanted Shakspeare, it would get Shakspeare; and if it demanded original genius, genius would be immediately forthcoming.

It needs no sophist to refute this rubbish. The public is in the hands of the managers and authors, and it will go to see what managers and authors can do best. It has never, so far as we know, disdained any entertainment simply because it was first-rate; though it utterly refuses, and wisely refuses, to be bored with the Shakspearian acting of the day, or to welcome every aspirant whose verse limps in ten metrical syllables. It is quite familiar enough with the drama to know that our actors and actresses *can't* act Shakspeare, and that they *can* act Robertson, Albery, and Byron; and it prefers a poor piece well performed to a great piece miserably murdered. Let Mr. Montague produce a really first-class comedy, and place it on the stage in a really first-class manner, and he will soon discover that the public has no objection to merit as merit. It is worse than useless, however, to cast a comedy beyond the brains of his company; such an experiment can end only in triple and quadruple shame.

How many educated gentlemen are there at present following the theatrical profession? How many of them could "parse" an ordinary speech in Shakspeare? How many possess any culture, beyond, perhaps, a smattering of French and German? How many actresses speak the English of good society, and are able for an hour at a stretch to look like women of gentle breeding? How many actresses are women of good character? Then, as to theatrical managers, who among them would be unhesitatingly pointed to as a refined gentleman—of culture, say, even equal to the best of the professional critics? Alas, to answer these questions in detail would be "parlous speaking." A few things, however, are broadly certain. Acting is not a pursuit resorted to, as a rule, by educated men, virtuous women, or high-minded speculators. The stage is covered with men with the manners of strolling players and cockney clerks, and with women who seem to revel in their effrontery and shame. Here and there an intelligent man stands alone, respected and wondered at; here and there, a virtuous lady shines, like a star that dwells apart. But intelligence and virtue are not the most prominent characteristics of the stage in England. The theatrical profession flourishes despised, apart from cultivated society. Yet if the drama were what it should be in a civilised country, to act upon the stage would be an honour, and to succeed in writing for the stage would be an author's most particular glory.

Turning for a moment from managers, critics and actors, glance at our dramatists. The greatest, if success be the test of greatness, is Mr. Dion Boucicault, one of whose early efforts appears to have been the following extraordinary effusion in blank verse, published, we believe, in "*Bentley's Miscellany*:"—

LIGHT.

"And God said, Let there be light, and there was light."—Gen. i. ver. 2.

Space labour'd—quicken'd by Almighty word,
 And from its shapeless womb unsightly voided
 Chaos. For on that great command, Matter,
 Obedient to its great progenitor,
 Rush'd amain from all the corners
 Of eternity. Each atom jostling
 Its fellow—in haste to follow Him—so form'd
 A turgid lump, which, surging to and fro
 On a black sea of thickening vapour,
 An unwholesome sweat oozed from the slimy depths
 Of this miscarried mass. Helpless—still with all
 The germ of life, as in a new-born babe,—
 It lay upon the bosom of great Space,
 Its mother, who could not help it into fair
 Existence.
 God said, "*Let there be light, and there was light.*"
 The murky vault was split. Darkness was rent—
 A golden orb, sprung from the smile of God,
 Stood created. Width oped her mighty jaws
 To gape at this new wonder (!) ; for space now
 Had eyes to see her own immensity.
 The universe awoke, and dressed in regal
 Purple, stood in all the silent majesty
 Of the interminable arch, empire
 Of creation ! Night, so late a tyrant,
 Shrank to some pit or grave within the bosom
 Of its subject mass. The infant globe, smiling
 Stretched forth its cheeks towards its novel nurse,
 That sung and soothed it with a gentle breeze.
 Land sprung up to meet its benefactor,
 And straight shot forth its trees and shrubs, which sent up
 An odour—the only language they could speak,—
 To kiss and greet the light that warmed them
 Into life. Syren myrtles woo the fickle
 May-breeze with a rustling kias filch'd of
 The lagging wind ; while every trembling leaf
 Whispers a lay of love-sick melody.
 The airy multitudes, distilling
 Sweetest music in their shrill tale of first
 Affection, swell out the gentle tumult
 Of this mellow choir, till beaming Nature
 Seems one song of universal adoration !!!

Fortunately, Mr. Boucicault has never since attempted the stately speech of high art. He has distinguished himself by some capital dramas, and at least one tolerable comedy ; but the extent of his culture may be guessed from the above poetic specimen.* Mr. Westland

* Still more extraordinary than the fact of such writing ever having got into print at all, is the fact that the poem from which we extract it is deemed worthy of incorporation in the collected edition of the "Bentley Ballads." So Mr. Boucicault is not

Marston, although far inferior to Mr. Boucicault in constructive power, has real cultivation and a genuine ear; he is, indeed, one of the few dramatists who comprehend a noble suggestion and understand the music of verse; but he seems altogether deficient in creative power. Mr. Tom Taylor is an extremely clever play-wright, and a most cunning adapter; with more poetic faculty than he gets credit for, as he showed in his translation of Breton ballads. Mr. Robertson had great cleverness, and so has Mr. Albery. Mr. Charles Reade, though a great genius in other directions, has little or no dramatic faculty—at all events, his plays are always disappointing and almost "bad" in tone. Besides the gentlemen named, there are several others, who write with more or less success; not to speak of the persons—we can hardly call them dramatic authors—who furnish the wretched balderdash spoken by the half-naked women in tights and the gibbering male monkeys who act in ordinary burlesque. No living dramatist, however, seems to show any strikingly original faculty, save only Mr. W. S. Gilbert. This gentleman, young as he is, has already elevated himself to the top of his profession.

Now, Mr. Gilbert's success is the best possible sign that public taste is not utterly debased; for, although we believe that success to have been out of all proportion to the author's desserts, it has been a distinct recognition of a very quaint and individual thinker. Mr. Gilbert inherits from his gifted father a strange oddity of conception, mingled with great irony. His faculty is not imagination, but common-place observation, as it were, inverted. He delights in seeing people and things upside down. He never writes a poetical line; his images are as common-place as the mantel-piece or the cruet-stand. His point of view is the incongruous, but, unlike Dickens, he never blends the incongruous and the tender. He is a hard realist with a twist in his brain; and that twist is genius. He commenced by writing trash for the women in tights. He has tried dramas, and they seem to have failed. His first real success, indeed, was the "Palace of Truth," a comedy in blank verse, produced at the Haymarket Theatre on November 19, 1870. The subject was a familiar one—based on the fairy fancy of a palace where everybody found himself compelled to speak the truth, consciously or unconsciously. The theme gave unlimited scope for Mr. Gilbert's odd, dry turns of thought. Take the following specimen, part of a love-scene where, in spite of himself, an enthusiastic lover speaks under the enchanted influence, to his sweetheart's amaze:—

alone in his ignorance of what constitutes rhythmic blank verse. But after all, is Mr. B. guilty of this tremendous poem? Almost as brilliant is the following bit of "gush" from "London Assurance":—"I love," says Grace Harkaway, "to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flowers breathe, the thrilly choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook *trickles* applause!" O chaste Dion!

PITY THE POOR DRAMA!

Zeo. (coldly). If such a love as mine
Serves but to feed your sense of vanity,
I think it is misplaced.

Phil. My vanity
Must needs be fed, and with such love as yours;
I have worked hard to gain it, Zeolide!
You are not nearly as attractive as
Five hundred other ladies I could name,
Who, when I said I loved them, stopped my lips——

Zeo. (astonished). I'm glad they did.

Phil. With kisses, ere I could
Repeat the sentence! and it hurt me much
That you, who are comparatively plain,
Should give me so much trouble Zeolide!

Zeo. (aside). What can he mean? (*Aloud*) Oh, you are
mocking me!

Phil. Mocking you, Zeolide? You do me wrong!
(*With enthusiasm.*) Oh, place the fullest value on my words,
And you'll not over-value them! I swear
As I'm a Christian knight, I speak the truth.

Zeo. Why, Philamir, you've often told me that
You never loved a woman till we met!

Phil. (with all the appearance of rapture). I always say that.
I have said the same

To all the women that I ever woo'd!

Zeo. And they believed you?

Phil. Certainly they did——
They always do! Whatever else they doubt
They don't doubt that. (*He tries to embrace her.*)

Zeo. (horror-struck). Away, and touch me not!

Phil. What! has my earnestness offended you?
Or do you fear that my impassioned speech
Is over-coloured? Trust me, Zeolide,
If it is over-charged with clumsy love,
Or teems with ill-selected metaphor,
It is because my soul is not content
To waste its time in seeking precious stones
When paste will answer every end as well.

Zeo. Why, Philamir! dare you say this to me?

"The Palace of Truth." (Lacy, London.)

We quote this as a fair sample of Mr. Gilbert's unmelodious blank verse—a form of writing adopted by him, not for its poetic effect or rhythm, but because it suits his close crisp sort of dialogue. "The Palace of Truth" succeeded, although supported only by such performers as Mr. Kendal, Mr. Buckstone, and Miss Madge Robertson. Still more remarkable, since then, has been the success of the same author's "Pygmalion and Galatea," a piece more poetical in feeling, but hardly as neat as its predecessor. Here, again, the subject is treated in a dry, droll, grim way, often subtle, never imaginative; and the writing is in the same ten-syllable verse. Here again, also, we see only Messrs. Kendal and Buckstone, and Miss

Robertson. But the thing is so carefully done, and is so really first-class of its kind, that all London goes to see it. It relies for its attraction on legitimate sources of interest. It is, in fact, as nearly poetical as anything we have had upon the stage for some years; yet we do not find it rejected on that account; on the contrary, its reception is almost beyond its merits. We cannot deny, therefore, that the public is ready to welcome a real dramatist, when it receives with such favour and understands so well a writer so odd, and in a certain sense so unsympathetic, as Mr. Gilbert.

And the public goes to see "The Bells," which it certainly would not do if it were a wholly deluded public, deaf to the appeal of good taste. The critics have averred that Mr. Irving's acting is wonderfully fine, although strikingly horrible; and the public sacrifices its nerves to its duty, and accepts the awful nightmare. There is, indeed, merit in Mr. Irving, but not such merit as leads us to expect great things from him as an actor. His suppressed agony, his stagey starts, his conscience-stricken looks, are overdone; and the last part of his performance—where he is carried on the stage in a fit, with the clammy perspiration on his brow, and the ghastliness of death on his face—is inartistic in the direction of pure horror. Still, our point is that the performance has merit, and that the public does not flinch from patronising merit, even when slightly disagreeable.

If we except the two performances just alluded to, and the performance of "Caste" at the Prince of Wales's, there is perhaps no passable evening's entertainment to be found at present in London; and Mr. Gilbert's piece, Mr. Irving's acting, and the general acting in "Caste," are drawing by far the best houses. It is absurd, on the face of it, for managers to say that the public taste is rotten. The truth is, that managers are for the most part unintelligent men, with a very low gauge of art altogether. They encourage trashy pieces, and amateur acting, and they allow their stages to be covered with the sweepings of the Argyll Rooms and St. John's Wood. They do all they can to debase the public taste; and the critics do much to assist them. Our only hope, therefore, lies with the actors and the dramatists. Let the actors imitate Mr. Irving, and at least attempt powerful representation. Let the dramatists imitate Mr. Gilbert, and instead of following in the stale rut of tradition, run the risk of a little individuality. Of course, in its despised state of decadence, the drama can never again take its old place among the Arts that honour mankind. It is, moreover, too far gone ever to recover. It may, nevertheless, pass away decently, and be followed to its last home by a few respectable mourners, rejoicing to feel that it died penitent, and that, if it *could* have been spared a little longer, it might have tried to turn over a new leaf.

WALTER HUTCHESON.

FACES ON THE WALL.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

LONE HOUSE.

LONE HOUSE amid the Main, where I abide,
Faces there are around thy walls ; and see !
With constant features, fair and faithful-eyed,
In solemn silence these admonish me.
They are the Faces of the strong and free ;
Prophets who on the car of Tempest ride ;
Martyrs who drift amid the waters wide
On some frail raft, and pray on bended knee.
Stay with me, Faces ! make me free and strong !
On other walls let flush'd Bacchantes leer ;
In quainter rooms of snigger sons of song
Let old fantastic tapestries appear.
Lone House ! for comfort, when the nights are long,
Let none but future-seeking eyes be here !

II.

STORM AND CALM.

The lone House shakes, the wild waves leap around ;
Their sharp mouths foam, their frantic hands wave high ;
I hear around me a sad soul of sound,—
A ceaseless sob,—a melancholy cry.
Above, there is the trouble of the sky.
On either side stretch waters with no bound.
Within, my cheek upon my hand, sit I,
Oft startled by sick faces of the drown'd.
Yet are there golden dawns and glassy days
When the vast Sea is smooth and sunk in rest,
And in the sea the gentle heaven doth gaze,
And, seeing its own beauty, smiles its best ;
With nights of peace, when, in a virgin haze,
God's Moon wades thro' the shallows of the west.

III.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

The sea without, the silent room within,
 The mystery above, the void below !
 I watch the storms die and the storms begin ;
 I see the white ships ghost-like come and go ;
 I wave a signal they may see and know,
 As, crowding up on deck with faces thin,
 The seamen pass,—some sheltered creek to win,
 Or drift to whirling pools of pain and woe.
 What prospect, then, on midnights dark and dead,
 When the room rocks and the wild water calls ?—
 Only to mark the beacon I have fed,
 Whose cold streak glassily on the black sea falls ;
 Only, while the dim lamp burns overhead,
 To watch the glimmering Faces on the walls.

IV.

NAPOLEON.

Look on that picture, and on this. . . Behold
 The Face that frown'd the rights of realms away ;
 The imperial forehead, filleted with gold ;
 The arrogant chin, the lips of frozen clay.
 This is the later Cæsar, whose great day
 Was one long sunset in blood-ruby rolled,
 Till, on an ocean-island lone and gray,
 It sank unblest, forgotten, dead, and cold.
 Yea, this is he who swept from plain to plain,
 Watering the harvest-fields with crimson rain ;
 This is the Eagle who on garbage fed.
 Turn to the wall the pitiless eyes. Art, Thought,
 Law, Science, owed the monster less than nought ;
 And Nature breath'd again when he was dead.

V.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Nay here, behold the sad Soul of the West
 Passing behind a rainbow bloodily !
 Conscience incarnate, steadfast, strong, and free,
 Changeless thro' change, blessing and ever blessed.
 Sad storm-cloud with God's Iris on his breast,
 Across the troubled ocean travelled he,—
 Sad was his passing ! gentle be his rest !
 God's Bow sails with him on another sea !

At first no larger than a prophet's hand,
 Against the dense insufferable blue
 Cloud-like he came ; and by a fierce wind fanned,
 Didst gather into greatness ere we knew,
 Then, flash by flash, most desolately grand,
 Passed away sadly heavenward, dropping dew !

VI.

WALT WHITMAN.

Friend Whitman ! wert thou less serene and kind,
 Surely thou mightest (like our Bard sublime
 Scorn'd by a generation deaf and blind),
 Make thine appeal to the avenger, Time ;
 For thou art none of those who upward climb,
 Gathering roses with a vacant mind.
 Ne'er have thy hands for jaded triflers twined
 Sick flowers of rhetoric and weeds of rhyme.
 Nay, thine hath been a Prophet's stormier fate.
 While Lincoln and the martyr'd legions wait
 In the yet widening blue of yonder sky,
 On the great strand below them thou art seen,—
 Blessing, with something Christ-like in thy mien,
 A sea of turbulent lives that break and die !

VII.

O FACES !

O Faces ! that look forward, eyes that spell
 The future time for signs, what see ye there ?
 On what far gleams of portent do ye dwell ?
 Whither, with lips like quivering leaves and hair
 Back-blowing in the whirlwind, do ye stare
 So steadfast and so still ? O speak and tell !
 Is the-soul safe ? shall the sick world be well ?
 Will morning glimmer soon, and all be fair ?
 O Faces ! ye are pale, and somewhat sad,
 And in your eyes there swim the fatal tears ;
 But on your brows the dawn gleams cold and hoar.
 I, too, gaze forward, and my heart grows glad ;
 I catch the comfort of the golden years ;
 I see the Soul is safe for evermore !

VIII.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Bearded like some strong shipman, with a beam
 Of grey orbs glancing upward at the sky,
 O friend, thou standest, pondering thy theme,
 And watching, while the troublous days blow by
 Their cloudy signs and portents ; then thine eye
 Falleth, and, reading with poetic gleam
 The human lineaments that round thee lie,
 Peers to the soul, and softens into dream.
 O dweller in the winds and waves of life,
 Reader of living faces foul and fair,
 No nobler mariner may mortal meet !
 Steadfast and sure thou movest thro' the strife,
 Knowing the signs and symbols of the air,
 Yet gentle as the dews about thy feet.

IX.

TO THE DELLA CRUSCANS.

Go, latter Della Cruscans. Far, O far
 Be your thin monotone, your brows flower-crown'd,
 Your backward-looking faces ; for ye mar
 The pregnant time with silly sooth of sound,
 With flowers around the feverish temples bound,
 And withering in the close air of the feast.
 Take all the hothouse-garlands ye have found,
 While Circe-charm'd ye turn to bird and beast.
 Meantime I sit apart, a lonely wight
 On this bare rock amid this fitful sea,
 And in the wind and rain I try to light
 A little lamp that may a beacon be,
 Whereby poor ship-folk, driving thro' the night,
 May gain the Ocean-course, and think of me !

X.

THE WANDERERS.

God's blessing on poor ship-folk ! Peace and prayer
 Fall on their eyelids till they close in sleep !
 God send them gentle winds and summer air,
 For the great sea is treacherous and deep.
 Light me up lamps on every ocean-steep,—
 Beacon the shallows with a living care.
 Ay me ! the wind cries and the wild waves leap,
 And on they drive—God knows—they know not—where.
 Come Poets ! come, O Prophets ! yea, disown
 The phantasies and phantoms ye pursue !
 Lights ! lights ! with fatal snares the sea is sown.
 Guide the poor ship-folk lone beneath the blue.
 Nay, do not light for Lazarus alone,
 But light for Dives and the Devil too.

XI.

THE WATCHER OF THE BEACON.

Lone is his life who, on a sea-tower blind,
 Watcheth all weathers o'er the beacon-light.
 Ah! woe to him if, mad with his own mind,
 He groweth sick for scenes more sweet and bright;
 For round him, in the dreadful winter night,
 The snow drifts, and the waves beat, and the wind
 Shrieks desolately, while with feeble sight
 He readeth some old Scripture left behind
 By those who sat before him in that place,
 And in their season perish'd, one and all. . . .
 Wild raves the wind: the Faces on the wall
 Seem phantoms: features dark and dim to trace.
 He starteth up—he tottereth—he would fall,
 When, lo! the gleam of one Diviner Face!

XII.

"AND THE SPIRIT OF GOD MOVED UPON THE WATERS."

O Faces! fade upon the wall, and leave
 This only, for the watcher to implore.
 Dim with the peace that starry twilights weave,
 It riseth, and the storm is hush'd and o'er.
 Trembling I feed my feeble lamp once more,
 Tho' all be placid as a summer eve.
 See there it moves where weary waters grieve,—
 O mariners! look yonder and adore!
 Spirit, grow brighter on my nights and days;
 Shine out of heaven; my guide and comfort be:
 Pilot the wanderers through the ocean ways:
 Keep the stars steadfast, and the waters free:
 Lighten thy lonely creature while he prays:
 Keep his Soul strong amid the mighty Sea!

LOVE IN HEAVEN.

THERE are two ways of looking at the apparent incompleteness of life—twenty or twenty thousand, no doubt; but for our present purpose certainly two. The first says, all is vanity; the second, all is promise. These different views are rooted in differences of temperament or faculty. Where lofty Idealism and strong Conscience are united in the same person, the tendency will be to say all is promise. Instances in point are Milton and Shelley. Where one or the other is deficient, or both, and yet the necessary speculative conditions are present, the mind will gravitate towards the decision that all is vanity. Instances in point are Byron and Quarles.

I have, for ends familiar enough to thoughtful persons, selected on each side examples in which there are wide differences *apart* from my specific purpose; but, that purpose being borne in mind, the necessary explanation may be thus stated. Milton and Shelley differ in much. For instance, in Milton there is Veneration or regard for authority *as such*; in Shelley there is no reverence for authority except so far as it can justify itself. But in both there is the most intense Ideality, and the most exigent Conscientiousness. There would in both be a mighty feeling that the Idealism was, by the constitution of things, under a necessity of making good its own reason of existence; and thus what was beautiful and great in life would, for each, look into his soul with eyes of immortal promise. The form of the promise would, of course, be varied by intellectual conditions; but it would be there. Now, take Quarles and Byron. Here, again, the intellectual conditions would, of course, be operative in the total result; but look at the points in which the two men agree and differ. In Byron the Ideality was intense, but the Conscientiousness was deficient. In Quarles there was much more Conscientiousness, but only a good, not by any means an intense Ideality. In each case the Ideality would, to use a most expressive French idiom, have no proper *logique*; and the "last word" of life, so to speak, would be, all is vanity. The intellectual and other conditions being what they were, Byron would, for example, say that Love was a "cheat" (I have in my mind a passage in "Cain" which is unquotable here), and there he would end. Quarles would also say that Love was a cheat, for his sense of the vitality and force of beautiful things would not be strong enough to urge him to feel otherwise: but then his Conscientiousness, stronger than Byron's, demanding a *logique* of some kind for the history of what he believed to be an

"immortal soul," he would turn elsewhere for what the beauty of life seemed to deny to him.

Now, no sceptical conclusion must be drawn from the fact that so large and important a variation may be determined mainly by inevitable differences of mental constitution; for the question would still remain, which of the two views, estimated in the minds of the most fully endowed persons, covers the greatest number of facts? or, still better and more accurately, which of them does or does not contain some element that is irreconcilable with postulates upon which all minds alike do consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly insist? Thus it is no argument against an immortality of promise in Love that Byron did not feel it, or that Quarles or any other puritan, fancying that *something* must be immortal, but that Love was a poor sort of thing, felt the promise in another shape. These divergences might even help us in considering the question, "in the abstract," but that is what we are not now about to do; what follows will be simply critical, or, at the utmost, suggestive.

One of the most delightful books I have read for a long time is "Egypt of the Pharaohs and of the Khédive," by the Rev. F. Barham Zincke, Vicar of Wherstead, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; but with the general contents of this very felicitous volume of travel we are not now concerned. A single point of deep interest will give us quite work enough. After having traced Oriental polygamy to its inevitable source (I should myself say one of its sources, and should find plenty to criticise in this part of the work) in the very early decay—the French word *flétrissure* is better—of the women, he passes on to what he, in his familiar, chatty way, calls Hourism—the peculiar institution which is to be the means of rewarding the faithful in the paradise of Mohammed. He does not refer to the story of Ibrahim in one of Montesquieu's "Lettres Persanes," or enter at all into the question of compensation, but he introduces the Christian heaven in the following remarks:—"In the Christian heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage. Of this everybody approves; at all events one never met or heard of a Christian who wished it otherwise." As Mr. Zincke is committed to what he calls the "historical method of interpreting" the sacred books of Christians, there is no certain way of telling how he would deal with either the authority or the bearing of the well-known passage in the New Testament. But, for all that appears, he assumes its absolute authority in the ordinary sense. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not state or imply any opinion of my own whatever as to its authority in any sense, or its interpretation. But that "one never meets or hears of Christians who wish" the facts "otherwise" than the ordinary reception of the passage implies is, I think, the most startling statement I ever met in the whole course of my reading.

Here, indeed, I must be personal. I was brought up "in the most

straitest sect of our religion ;" have always been familiar with the religious literature and society of that sect ; and have, at this moment, ample means—which I have used—of interrogating the facts as to the opinions and feelings of the majority of avowedly Christian people. The first thing, then, I have to remark is that some of my very earliest and most powerful recollections are of discussions between my parents and among their relations and friends upon this very dictum attributed to the Founder of Christianity. Perhaps Mr. Barham Zincke has some idea of the place the "sin unto death" occupies in the thoughts and discussions of Puritan people. He, perhaps, read of the funeral of Mr. "Wheelbarrow" Wells, pastor of an immense strict Baptist church near the Elephant and Castle,—a funeral at which there were ninety mourning coaches. Now among the kind of people who sat under Wheelbarrow Wells, the sin unto death would be a perpetual topic of anxious criticism and investigation, as it was among those Christians among whom I was born and nurtured. Next to that topic in my early recollections that of the fate of the marriage relation in heaven stands prominent. Many scores, many hundreds of times must I have heard the words, In heaven they "neither marry nor are given in marriage," talked over, wept over, prayed over, made the subject of eager "wrestling with the Lord in prayer." The cases in which ministers were consulted about it—chiefly by wives, as was natural—were far too numerous for me to remember in detail ; but I have had to sit out and to read a great many sermons in which every conceivable trick of the Commentator was resorted to for the purpose of blunting the edge of the dreaded words. To my own mother they were a sore trial. I remember walking long miles with her one June day through the yellow broom and wild-briar roses (that heather ground is now a mass of houses) to consult the minister about those very words. If the conjugal relation was extinguished in heaven, the parental and filial relations would be extinguished too ; and not to meet her children and her father in heaven as her children and her father, was more than my mother could bear to contemplate.

So far what is personal. Before we pass on to the testimony of poets and others upon the trouble the words in question have given, let us just notice a point of construction which arises at starting. Mr. Zincke might say (he does not say, and I should not think it logical if he did) that the passage, for his purpose, may mean that no fresh conjugal relation will ever be entered upon in the life to come. But, first, the words, as they stand—the only shape in which it can be true that Christians either do or do not complain of them—*relate* explicitly to the recognition or resumption of past connections. Everybody knows that the question said to have been thus put and thus answered referred to a woman who was supposed to have married seven brothers. And secondly, the human heart, the Christian

human heart, has rebelled against the words considered as making fresh ties of love between man and woman impossible in a future life. Thousands of baffled or vaguely yearning hearts have reached forward to the life beyond the grave, to grasp in thought a love unrealised here. Mr. Zincke has heard of Mr. George MacDonald. Now I distinctly remember in his "Guild Court" a very beautiful passage, in which he says, speaking with authority as a seer and prophet—that those in whom, to use the old English phraseology, the life of humanity has not been perfected or completed, shall have that life completed in the world to come. The language is something like this: "for God will take care that his youths and maidens shall yet become men and women." And a paragraph in Canon Kingsley's "Yeast," applying to Honoria Lavington, beloved of Paul Tregarva (her father's gamekeeper), is to the same key-note. How much to the same purpose there is in Swedenborg I do not know (though we shall come to him directly); but if Mr. Zincke ever preaches to an ordinary congregation of two thousand people, he may depend upon it that there are in it at least fifty girls who look forward to having the love of their heroes when they get to heaven, and who, if the dictum in question occurred in the reading for the day, would secretly resent it, and feel, "in their bones" * that there must be some way of getting out of it. But here is the passage I was about to quote from the Epilogue of "Yeast":—"There she lies—and will lie till she dies—the type of thousands more, 'the martyrs by the pang without the palm,' who find no mates in this life and yet may find them in the life to come Poor Paul Tregarva! Little he fancies how her days run by!" And here are lines, very much to the point, from Mr. Tennyson's "Guinevere":—

"My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. *Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope.*"

Now this last quotation is strictly relevant to the question of the formation of new nuptial ties in the life to come,—the question between what is called "the flesh" and what is called "the spirit" we shall come to in a few sentences,—for on Arthur's side, there was,

* There is an old negress in one of Mrs. Stowe's tales ("The Minister's Wooing") who says she always knows a thing is sure to happen if she feels it in her bones.

in this world, no true possession ; as, indeed, his own words imply ; the marriage was still inchoate ; and, besides, not all the art of the poet has satisfied the reader that Guinevere, even at the last, loved Arthur. We all know in our own experience of passion what are these sudden spasms of revulsion, and we feel that the love born of remorse is not to be depended upon. But we will take one more quotation or two, to suggest how very general has been the rebellion of the human heart, Christianise it as you please, against the doctrine referred to. The full pertinence of the quotations from Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Faithful for Ever" cannot be arrived at in the absence of a complete knowledge of the story of the poem on the part of the reader ; but enough for my purpose is made clear in the line italicised :—

And now I'll tell you how he talk'd,
While in the Wood we sat or walk'd.
He told me that "The Sadducees
Inquired not of true marriages
When they provoked *that dark reply,*
Which now costs love so many a sigh.
In vain would Christ have taught such clods
That Cæsar's things are also God's !"
I can't quite think that happy thought,
It seems so novel, does it not ?

We will now pass on to Milton. In the Treatises on Divorce, I can remember nothing upon the subject, though it was one which was likely to occur to his mind in writing them ; but we have superabundant proof that he believed strictly conjugal happiness possible—and probable—in the life to come. His sonnet "On his deceased Wife" does not go far ; but, coupled with other matters, it goes quite far enough. The reader knows that she came to him in a dream, pale and beautiful, like Alcestis—

And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven *without restraint.*

But we are not left without express information as to what ideas Milton had formed to himself of super-mundane—or infra-mundane loves. We know that when Satan sees Adam and Eve "imparadised in one another's arms" he turns aside with "jealous leer malign." We know that a prominent place among the torments of the rebel angels is assigned to one consequence of their exclusion from the love which is represented as part of the happiness of Heaven. And again, one of the topics used by Adam, when he is endeavouring to dissuade Eve from her adventure in the Garden, is the Fiend's (probable) envy of their happiness. The most important matter is, however, to come. In the dialogue with Raphael, after Eve has

withdrawn, Adam asks "the angel guest familiar" the following question :—

Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask :
Love not the heavenly spirits ? And how their love
Express they ? by looks only, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch ?

Now, what is the angel's answer ? In spite of the necessity under which criticism places us all of using words which discriminate between body and soul, two things are certain. First, that in our best moments we have no knowledge of the distinction. Secondly, that no high imagination, whether of poet or painter, ever entertained the distinction except as one to be "resolved," like a discord in passing from one passage in music to another. Thirdly, that in music, the most spiritual and least articulate of the arts, the distinction disappears altogether from sight and consciousness. Indeed, it can have no place in the atmosphere of pure art.* Apart from all this, however, we always find the poet goes about, so to speak, to translate the love in which the ordinary conditions of humanity have place into terms or symbols in which those conditions are represented over again, perfectly, fact for fact, symbol for symbol. Take an example from "Faithful for Ever"—a passage adjoining the one just quoted from that poem :—

All I am sure of heaven is this,
Howe'er the mode, I shall not miss

* That it appears in *works* of art is quite another matter. Art is one thing, works of art are another. To explain, very briefly :—As Art is concerned alone with beauty, Arithmetic is concerned alone with number. Now Arithmetic is used in various sums,—in weighing sugar and iron, and counting nuts, apples and shillings. But pure Arithmetic has nothing to do with these matters. And thus, a *work* of art may be moral or immoral,—of the body or of the soul ; but *Art*, pure and simple, knows none of these things. The word Art is constantly used to stand for some imaginary total of all works of art, and then it is said—and quite truly—that Art must be either moral or immoral. But the confusion which is constantly made even by most able and thoughtful writers between Art in this sense and Art in the abstract (*q. d.*, Physics, or Geometry) is a startling—and has always been to me a most irritating—example of the slowness of most minds to catch purely abstract meanings. I do hope that some of the earnest writers and thinkers who have spent "labour and strength" in this matter will look steadily at the following propositions :—A *work* of art is like everything human, a complex product ; and is liable to be judged as moral or immoral. But *Art* is the same, whether the work be wicked or good, just as Arithmetic has the same method for counting stolen shillings as she has for counting earned ones. A similar remark applies to Criticism. Every critical writing is, of necessity, a mixed product, in which much besides true criticism will be found ; but this proves nothing against a Science of Criticism. If it did, it would prove too much, and we should have, necessarily, to give up all judgments upon literary work ; admitting at once that the "Wealth of Nations" may perhaps be a poem, and "Lycidas" an essay. See *passim*, for its suggestiveness as to the extent to which criticism even of paintings can be made absolute, the valuable paper on "Turner and Mulready" in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April.

One true delight which I have known.
 Not on the changeful earth alone
 Shall loyalty remain unmoved
 Towards everything I ever loved.
 So Heaven's voice calls, like Rachel's voice
 To Jacob in the field, Rejoice !
 Serve on some seven more sordid years,
 Too short for weariness or tears ;
 Serve on ; then, oh, Beloved, well-tried,
 Take me for ever for thy bride !

And now let us see how Milton has dealt with this question of translation. In the answer he puts into the angel's lips, he "goes straight at it," and we discern the very process, in detail, of the superposition of terms :—

To whom the angel, *with a smile that glow'd*
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
 Answered : " Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
 Us happy ; and without love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
 (And pure thou wert created), we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none,
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars ;
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring ; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul."

Nothing can be more explicit than this ; not even what we have in Swedenborg, to whom we will turn next. I cannot lay my hands on my second volume of Mr. White's valuable book, but the following, from the Index, will prove that Swedenborg, like many other "Christians" (Dr. Zincke, notwithstanding), has grappled with the "dark reply, that now costs love so many a sigh" :—"Marriages in Heaven, vol. i. p. 436, vol. ii. p. 354 ; *explanation of the Lord's saying there are none in the Resurrection, 357 ; no children born in angelic wedlock, 360 ; few unions contracted on earth perpetuated in heaven, 360.*" And in part of what Swedenborg has to say of the Angels and love in Heaven, we shall find quite enough for our purpose. My copy of his "Conjugal Love" is also mislaid (or probably it is in the possession of some friend) ; but it is well known that, after certain deductions for partial insanity, the most child-like openness of speech, and the manners of his century, Swedenborg's writings about love, marriage, and children, are of almost inconceivable beauty and tenderness. The following are a few excerpts from Swedenborg's writings on the subject of Love in Heaven. In reading them it must be borne in mind that in the Swedenborgian theosophy, "angels are no more than glorified men and women." The italics are Mr. White's :—

"The loves of Heaven are love to the Lord and love to the neighbour, and it is the nature of those loves to communicate delight. Love to the Lord is communicative, because the Lord's love is *the love of communicating all that he has to his creatures*; and the same love is in each of those who love Him, *because the Lord is in them*. Love to the neighbour is of a similar quality. The whole business of those loves is *to diffuse joy*.

"The Celestial Angels, above all the rest, love to be led by the Lord, as little children by their father. They are nearest to the Lord, and live, as it were, *in the Lord*. They appear simple outwardly, and before the angels of the inferior heavens, as little children, and naked. They also appear like those who are not very wise, although they are the wisest of the heavens.

"From all my experience, which has now continued for many years, I can declare and solemnly affirm, that the angelic form is in every respect human; that angels have faces, eyes, ears, breasts, arms, hands, and feet; that they see, hear, and converse with each other, and, in a word, lack no external attribute of man, except the material body.

"I have seen angels in their own light, which exceeds, by many degrees, the noonday light of earth; and in that light I have observed all parts of their faces more distinctly and clearly than ever I did the faces of men on earth. It has also been granted me to see an angel of the inmost heaven. His countenance was brighter and more resplendent than the faces of the angels of the outer heavens. I examined him closely, and found him a man in all perfection. . . .

"A man is equally a man after death, and a man so perfectly, that he knows no other than that he is still on earth. He sees, hears, and speaks as on earth; he walks, runs, and sits as on earth; he eats and drinks as on earth; he sleeps and wakes as on earth; he enjoys all delights just as on earth; in short, he is a man in general and every particular as on earth, whence it is plain that death is a continuation of life, and a mere transit to another plane of being.

"Nevertheless, the difference between the life of earth and of heaven is great, for the senses of the angels are far more exquisite than those of men. All that we have and enjoy, the angels have and enjoy, but in a delicacy and perfection far beyond our gross and sluggish perceptions.

"The angels are forms of love, and their beauty is ineffable; love beams from their countenances, inspires their speech, and vivifies their every action. From every spirit (and indeed from every man) there emanates a sphere, an air, an *aura*, impregnated with his life, and by which his quality is made sensible. This aroma, this atmosphere, in the case of the angels, is so full of love that it affects the inmost life of all who draw near them.

"Death leaving human nature unaffected, leaves sex unaffected. Angels are men and women with all the passions of men and women,

and consequently marriage is the rule of heaven. Marriage in the heavens is the conjunction of two into one mind. . . .

"They who have lived in the chaste love of marriage are above all others in the order and form of heaven after death. Their beauty is surpassing, and the vigour of their youth endures for ever. The delights of their love are unspeakable, and they increase to eternity; for all the delights and joys of heaven are collected into wedded love. No language can describe the delights of those angels."

To these passages it may be added, in brief, that, according to Swedenborg, love always begins from the woman, though she does not know it.

As far as human ingenuity can go—and that, of course, extends only to verbal subtleties and hints of inconceivable possibilities in the future—Swedenborg has here gone towards softening down the difficulties of the problem of special conjugal attachments with universal and inexclusive love. He has made every conjugal pair "one angel;" and if we only suppose, in addition, that every soul beloved on earth by more than one other soul is, in some divine manner, multiplied in the life to come as many times as there are lovers for that soul, the paradise of Swedenborg is complete. Even as it is, his doctrine of the resurrection of the dead is not open to the taunt of Voltaire conveyed through one of "*Les Trois Adorateurs*" in "*Les Dialogues Philosophiques*." He compliments Mohammed on having escaped what he calls an "absurd impertinence;" and Swedenborg has equally escaped it.

As to my own personal opinion about the dictum (attributed to the Founder of Christianity) from which all this takes its departure, I shall say nothing—absolutely nothing—and I wish to have that clearly understood. But in reading any reference whatever, in Semitic writings, to the subject of attachment between men and women, we must bear in mind that what we Westerns, especially of the Teutonic race as distinct (*pace* Mr. Huxley) from the Latin and Celtic races, call Love is a conception nowhere present in those writings.* We find in the Bible desire, in various qualities and degrees of violence; admiration; the masculine instinct of possession; domestic attachment: and all this, or all these, qualified by the *ἀγάπη* of the New Testament, and in the writings of Paul by his own peculiar culture. But nowhere do we find anything even approaching to Love in the modern sense, or that estimate of woman as especially divine which has been not uncommon in the West:—though it may be plausibly affirmed that on the whole the Hebrew

* This (which no apprehensive critic denies, and which I have seen broadly stated in the *Spectator*) most vitally concerns Mr. Zincke, and every one else who stands committed to "the historical method of interpretation." And certainly none the less so by reason of the collateral but more "practical" issues raised in other passages of the New Testament.

ideal (if the word ideal can properly be applied to anything Semitic) has overlaid the other, even in the West. Let any one who has the opportunity turn to Tieck's story of the Golden Goblet, or the episode of Zieschen in Mr. Maurice's youthful novel of "Eustace Conway." He will there find an ideal of love between man and woman which, so far from taking a direct path towards possession on either side, seems rather to shun it than otherwise. Mr. Maurice's Englishman is dumbfounded to find that, while the young German adored Zieschen and avows that his whole being was spiritually transformed by her, he declares positively that he never wanted and does not now want to marry her. What Mr. Maurice does not add in "Eustace Conway" I will add, to save Gath and Askalon the trouble of saying it. It is quite true, then, that unless either Zieschen the shepherdess or her lover quits Arcadia, their love will end like other love; but that ending will be a surprise to the heart; it will consist in being taken captive, not in grasping at anything on either side. It is the very "moral" of Tieck's tale, that the act of conscious grasping breaks the sacred spell of the love. The angels of God are ascending and descending upon the lover; he loves, and his whole life is worship and tenderness—

"All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below."

But he is not content. He goes to a magician, and demands to be shown his beloved in the magic goblet. He is solemnly warned to maintain absolute, unseeking reticence. The fair image rises from a tender mist; the golden hair, the white brow, the lovely eyes, the sweet lips, the delicate column of the neck, the divine bosom—and the lover springs forward to grasp the beautiful phantasm. It is gone. And a rose, for remembrance, is all that remains of it. He is permitted to take the rose, which is a talisman that keeps his soul pure and his heart warm, but he lives and dies lonely.

Does the reader say that I have wandered? Not so far—not so far. I will only add (to recur to our starting-point) that I am in my own soul sure, not that all is vanity, but that all is promise, and that those portions of human experience which involve the greatest happiness—or possibility of happiness—contain the surest, highest promise of a repetition of the joyful theme. "Shall he, this wonder, dead, become mere highway dust?" The poem of the Laureate's in which that question occurs is, to my mind, a very poor and conventional one, but that question is one that, wrung from the heart hour by hour, draws down from Heaven hour by hour, the answer, "No, he shall not die."

"Hélas, l'infini a disparu, et j'avais tant de choses à lui dire." Patience, then; and we shall say them yet.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

OFF THE SKELLIGS.

By JEAN INGELow.

CHAPTER XI.

"As proper men as ever trod
Upon neat's leather."

Julius Caesar.

ABOUT seven o'clock I looked out and found we were getting very near Valencia. My poor patient, who was in constant pain, expressed a wish to be carried on deck, and I was not sorry for this, as I had the children to dress and feed before they could be sent on shore.

Brand, however, who came in with the captain of the yacht to assist Mr. Dickson on deck, told me that "master" intended to keep the children on board, and only send the other passengers and the sailors on shore: a good breakfast was to be prepared for them at the inn, for we had not provisions and accommodation enough.

Accordingly I went to help Mrs. Brand in dressing the women: to some we gave a shawl, to others a cloak, and I had to take off the muslin gown I was wearing for a poor girl who was almost in rags.

The old Irishwoman was very weak; but as I helped her to array herself in a dark winter gown, that I had altered for her in the night, while listening to the story of the raft, she showed that she had some strength left in her voice; and when I plied her afterwards with tea and bread and butter, she called down all sorts of incongruous blessings on me from the Virgin and the saints.

"May ye have heaps of lovers, ma'am dear; may your husband be a Lord High Admiral, and bring ye boat-loads of jewels and handsome things."

At eight o'clock we came alongside the wharf, and as I wanted very much to see both Crayshaw and Brandon I darted up on deck, holding up as well as I could the train of a white alpaca gown that I was wearing; for my morning dresses were all gone. It was trimmed with apple-green ribbons, and was far too fine for the occasion.

A basket of fresh vegetables and flowers was already on board, showing that I was but just in time. As I passed it, I lifted out some roses and stood shading my eyes with them, for the low sunbeams dazzled me.

I saw several men about to land, and one sitting on a deck seat who I was instantly sure must be "the dandy Crayshaw;" not that there was anything of the dandy about him, but that he was mani-

festly so handsome that whatever he wore would appear to become him.

Brand was standing beside him, holding a brown glove and a pair of glove-stretchers, and no doubt had assisted at his toilet, having had two wardrobes to choose it from. He looked fatigued, but most peacefully happy. One of his hands was disabled for the present; but he was safe, he was clean, and he had breakfasted.

He pulled off his hat with his left hand, and, if I had felt any doubt as to his identity, his tone of voice when I answered his greeting would instantly have betrayed him. As I sat down by him, his eye was caught by the flowers, and he said something about the rose of England: he had always thought of it as a pink flower, but he perceived, looking at the flowers and at me, that it was white.

I proposed to put one of the rose-buds into his coat for him, and he looked pleased, but said nothing; perhaps he thought it was a common custom in these islands for girls to go about decorating strangers with the national flower. It was not the first time I had put a flower into that coat. It was one belonging to Tom, and I knew there was a little band below one of the button-holes for confining the stalk. Mr. Brandon, he told me, had not yet come on deck; but the captain was with my uncle, making arrangements for the passengers and the crew to land. I should like to have spoken to him, but the girls were beginning to come on deck, and one, I was told, had no shoes to land in, so I went down to find a pair for her. Their poor array had been sorely damaged in the drying, and when the last pair of feet had been fitted with some embroidered slippers I came up again, and was only just in time to see the American captain, who had already landed, standing hat in hand on the quay, with his men behind him, acknowledging the cheer from the yacht.

The women were then sent on shore to the inn, and we sailed into the middle of the harbour, where we cast anchor, and I had a good breakfast on deck; for the chief cabin was in a state of great confusion, and my own cabin was occupied. It was a beautiful summer morning, warm and calm; the lovely rocky coast appeared to cut itself holes in the sky, and the dazzling water was so brimful of light that one could not look at it. Just as I had finished this breakfast (which I shall never forget, for I had never been really hungry in my life before, and did not know how delicious a thing is eating in such circumstances), I heard a strange voice in my cabin, and straightway proceeding thither I found that Tom had been ashore, had brought a surgeon on board, and they were standing together by my sailor's berth. Mrs. Brand, who was very tired, was gone to rest; but Brand and I produced various things that the surgeon wanted—sponges, warm water, &c., and at his desire we held them for him while he examined the injured arm.

My sailor was awake, and staring at us all with such evident surprise

as gave his features almost a ludicrous expression—singed, bruised, and scratched as he was, it was hard to say what he might have been like under other circumstances, but I could not help perceiving that when he looked at me he appeared excessively disconcerted. I did not see any reason for this—I was not at all disconcerted myself: a girl no older than I was had left Ipswich to be a nurse in King's College Hospital, and why should not I do a little nursing too, when it had come in my way so naturally?

"Well," said the doctor, as with great difficulty the poor man wrenched himself round so as to face us, "I hope, my man, you feel yourself able to acquiesce in the will of Providence?"

The man looked at him. "I feel nothing of the sort," he answered bluntly, at the same time turning, with a grimace of pain, to suit the surgeon's convenience. "If you had asked me whether I felt grateful," he presently added, "I should have answered heartily 'Yes;' but if fire and water had both done their worst on me, I could but have acquiesced."

The doctor, on this unexpected retort, looked a little crest-fallen; for the tone of it was to the last degree hoarse, and the manner of it was irascible. I was delighted, for I have always thought it very impertinent in the educated classes to be so fond of driving morals home to those whom they consider beneath them.

"Well, my man," he muttered, "just as you please."

In the meantime Tom had retreated, and I did not like to have Mrs. Brand called, for I knew how timorous and tearful she was; so when the surgeon said, "Who is to attend to this arm for the future?" I replied, "I believe I shall, if you will be good enough to tell me how."

"You shall? Very well, ma'am; you think it won't frighten you—make you nervous?"

"No. I hope such a burn on my own arm would not frighten me; why should I then be afraid of it on another person's?"

"That," said the patient, faintly and with another grimace, "has very little to do with it." I knew it had not almost as soon as the foolish words were spoken; for when I saw the drops of perspiration stand on his forehead, and his features redden with pain, I felt my heart and courage sink; but I recovered myself presently, and stood by till the surgeon had finished, and had given me his instructions.

The man looked at me several times. I was quite aware that he had seen my momentary failure of courage: he was an observant fellow. I thought his last remark, though perfectly true, was uncalled for; but then, as I repeated to myself, he was an American!

He complained of violent pain and stiffness across his shoulders, and was desired to remain all day in his berth. His other hand was then looked at. Lashing ropes had taken the skin off the palm; but it was declared that nothing more was the matter with it, excepting

that the salt water had caused some irritation. I was rejoiced at this; there was at least only one hurt for me to attend to, and I obeyed with a degree of alacrity that I was ashamed of when the surgeon said he had done with me, and would trouble me to tell my brother he was now ready for the clean shirt that he had proposed to lend the patient.

Yes! I went out of the cabin quicker than there was any need for, and being very tired I had no sooner delivered the message than I curled myself up in the corner of a settee, fell fast asleep, and never woke till a rush of water broke the stillness and told me that we were leaving the harbour.

Uncle Rollin and Tom were both in the cabin, and when I woke and looked up the former said, "Well, well, no wonder she was tired; she was not at all in the way during the night,—was she, Tom?"

"Quite the contrary," answered Tom, pleasantly; and men are so apt to look on women as encumbrances at sea, that this admission more than contented me.

I was told that we had put the doctor on shore; he was an Englishman, and had come with an excursion party from Killarney. "He had said the children were very weak, and ought to have food every two hours—and—and—I'm sure I forget his name," my uncle continued, "but it seems he mainly wants rest, food, and care, so I shall not put them on shore for the present."

I went softly to my cabin with some soup for the children; the door was propped open, and I saw my sailor in his berth, and Mrs. Brand nodding on a seat fast asleep; both the children were asleep also; and I set down the soup, and stole softly to my own berth; for it vexed me to the heart to think that I had been overcome by that drowsy fit, and had not spoken to any one respecting the little infant whom I had laid there.

I opened the curtains, intending to look at it and lay my hand on its pure white forehead; but to my surprise it had been removed: there was a slight depression on the pillow, but the babe was gone.

"Miss Graham."

I closed the curtain, and went to my patient. It was he who had spoken; but clean surroundings and brushed hair had made another man of him; he was not quite so hoarse either: rest and food had partly restored his voice.

I asked if he knew anything of this removal. He said yes, that the captain had come in before the surgeon left; that he had mentioned the subject, and the surgeon had landed in charge of the babe, and with all proper directions.

He told me that he had breakfasted; and in reply to my question, said he did not want anything, unless I would be kind enough to examine his jacket and see whether there was a book in it.

This singed and soaked garment lay on the floor: I picked it up

and brought it to the side of his berth. First came out a short bit of tobacco-pipe; then a knife; lastly, a shabby book, blistered and bulging with sea water.

I felt sorry to see how completely I had cut the poor man's jacket to pieces; for I knew it was the only upper garment he possessed, and as I turned it over I said—

"I am afraid this jacket is quite spoilt."

He smiled and answered gently, "Oh, it is of no consequence; I dare say your brother will lend me something to land in."

Fancy a sailor dressed up in Tom's clothes! My brother, indeed! I was surprised at the man's quiet assurance. This was American equality truly; and when he added, "And if the same kind hand to which so many of us are indebted will produce a pair of scissors to trim my hair," I felt my cheeks glow with discomfort. I could not wait on this sailor so comfortably, if he smiled in my face and asserted such perfect equality.

"My maid shall bring you a pair of scissors," I answered, speaking as gently as I could, but gravely; and I was moving away when he said in haste—

"Excuse me, have I annoyed you?"

Nowhere on land is so much difference acknowledged between the employé and the employer as there is in every vessel at sea. Discipline forbids the "man before the mast" to assert equality. I did not then know that this was just as much the case in American ships—I thought perhaps it was not, and felt vexed with myself; for what right in such a case had I to be offended? So Brand at that moment coming in with a message to me, I sent him for the scissors; and when the man repeated, "I have annoyed you," I replied, "If so, it is only because I am not accustomed to the manners of Americans: they differ so much from ours."

"In what respect?" he asked, and he looked puzzled.

I was a little frightened, but could not now withdraw from the discussion.

"English sailors all speak to ladies as that one did whom you have just seen," I answered.

The look of surprise increased; but yet he seemed to catch a part of my meaning instantly, for he replied,—

"He did not speak with half the respect that I feel—madam (this last word he added doubtfully, and as an after-thought). I had not expected such an answer, and began to feel puzzled in my turn. "Here is your book," I said, handing it; and as I glanced at him I encountered, instead of the respect he had mentioned, a countenance in which amusement seemed to be struggling with a kind of tender admiration.

No one had ever looked so at me before—no, never in my life; and I was ashamed of myself to feel how it made me blush (oh, how could I

have been so foolish!); and what was worse, the man was actually aware of my confusion, and meant to help me out of the scrape; he said,—

"I am not a sailor nor an American—madam," again added doubtfully, "but I feel the justice of your remarks. Very few of us can claim equality with one of your sex and character, it is so much above us."

"Here is your book," I interrupted hastily. "There was no inequality thought of but that of station—a trifling one, which I only wished to have admitted, because it makes it easier for me to offer you my assistance."

I laid the book on his counterpane, intending to withdraw, feeling thoroughly worsted and puzzled as to whom and what this man might be; but the swelled leaves fell open, and I saw that it was a Greek Testament. Quite involuntarily a slight expression of surprise escaped me, and, relieved at anything which changed the subject, I said,—

"This is a Greek book; is it yours?"

"Yes, it is;" and with ready tact he did not add the "madam."

"You are an educated man, then."

The same smile shone in his eyes, and softened the corners of his mouth.

"Does that surprise you?" he asked.

"Very much indeed: I believed you were one of the sailors."

I saw that I had made myself ridiculous, but that he was indulgent towards my youth. He, however, did not refrain from laughing, and I laughed too; but, though it was at myself, I was relieved at the turn things had taken. We both became grave again suddenly; he, probably, from politeness; I, because I remembered that, after all, he was a perfect stranger to me. In grasping the book, he had forgotten the blistered hand, and now dropped it hastily; upon which I took it up and said, "You cannot hold this Testament? I shall be happy to read some chapters for you."

His eyes opened wider as he lay, and he looked very much surprised; but he said not a word.

"Where shall I read?" I inquired.

He asked for a chapter in Hebrews; and I read it and the two following ones. I should have stopped sooner, but for the knowledge that, if I looked up, I must encounter his eyes. The task was a pleasant one too: I had not read Greek aloud for some time, and the effect of it, and that time and that place, was strange, even to myself. The last time I had read it was with my dear old master at school: now I was my own mistress—it was even my turn to minister.

It was a daring thing to read Greek to a man and a scholar, and I had done it of my own accord in order to escape from the awkwardness of further conversation, or of a precipitate retreat. I felt all this strongly at first; but, as the reading advanced, the wonderful interest

of the subject made me forget *myself*, and as I read more seriously, my listener became more and more still.

The third chapter, which was the tenth of Hebrews, came to an end at last ; and as it was finished, the first verse I had read recurred to my thoughts, and seemed to echo in my ears—"Now of the things which we have spoken this is the sum." *This!* what was *this*? Why, that we had such a High Priest as we needed—one whose sacrifice had been accepted? What then? We must "hold fast this faith," and be thankful. It seemed to me, as I sat there silently, that I did hold it fast—I did believe that Christ had saved this lost world and me ; but then what had followed? My eyes glanced on at the next chapter : the result described there had not followed. It was a chapter which often disturbed me. "By faith," it said, "Abel *offered* a more excellent sacrifice. By faith Noah *prepared* an ark. By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac ; and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son."

Wonderful truths these. Where was my sacrifice? Was it ready when it should be called for? If it was not ready as a proof of my faith, how could I hope that I possessed any? To believe that if God called on me to make a sacrifice I could not do it, was, as I knew, in *itself*, a proof of this want of faith in Him ; for I had read expressly that faith is the gift of God ; why did I not believe, then, that He would give it me, and make me able to receive it, especially as He is a God who, when asked, giveth liberally, and upbraideth not?

It is a remarkable thing, and I have noticed it too often to think I can have been deceived, that moods of mind, and sometimes even thoughts, will occasionally pass from one person to another, while both are silent, almost as distinctly as they can be conveyed by words. So that day, as my thoughts went in and in, searching for the faith they hardly dared to find, my eyes at last encountered those of my companion : he was quite as much absorbed as myself, and seemed to rouse himself with difficulty, and said very slowly,—

"Thank you—when a man has just escaped from what seemed inevitable death, those chapters take a more solemn meaning for him. There was something so real in Paul's religion ; he was not afraid to say, 'If these things are so, what manner of persons ought we to be?'"

"I should have thought the more difficult thing to say was, What manner of things are we to do?"

"That was included in a mind like his. The doing is an inevitable result of the being. And yet," he went on, touching very nearly on my thought, "the particular line that should be taken up, the particular sacrifice to be made, is not always a problem easily solved. The more free a man is to do as he chooses, the more difficulty in offering the sacrifice that God demands, and not one of his own inventing. But some people have a way of thinking that what they are about must be

pleasing to God, if only it is unpleasant enough to themselves. And then," he continued, "if we do give up a few years or a few pounds, how mean we are about it! Some of us, in our prayers, can even ask God to enable us to do YET MORE, flaunting our charity, as it were, in the face of our Maker. I have done it myself," he added, slowly, and as if the remembrance of it astonished him.

"Oh, but St. Peter was beforehand with us there," I answered. "I have often thought how mean it was in him to remind our Lord that he had left all, and to ask what he was to have in return for this great act."

"When all he had to forsake," said my patient, "was his share in a rotten old tub of a fishing-boat, and those nets that he had not finished mending. I should not wonder if, on the whole, he was glad when he reflected that he had not mended all the holes. He was content to give them up; but, as he was not to use them again, it was not such a heart-break to leave them torn as whole." He laughed and went on, "At least, that is the sort of feeling I have had now and then."

I thought this willingness to talk of his meannesses, and his feelings in general, was most likely in consequence of the extreme danger he had just escaped from. People forget their shyness and their reserves at such times. As for me, I liked his straightforward openness; it suited my humour and his circumstances.

"And yet," I answered, speaking up for St. Peter, "the boat and the nets were all he had; and so they were as much as any of us can give."

"Certainly," he replied, "and we must all be willing to give everything. Nothing is so little worth while, even here, as being religious by halves. It's not worth while looking out for heaven on the whole, and yet going as near the edge of hell as we dare, and as we can find footing. What we want is a heedless daring and a wise improvidence the other way. The right man to follow any cause, let it be what it will, is he who loves it well enough to fling to it everything he has in the world, and then think that not enough, and so fling himself after it. This last item often weighs down the scales held in heaven, and the man gets what he gave himself for. God concludes the bargain, and accepts the pay. These things are reflections of the great sacrifice—'Lo, I come.' And the need for self-sacrifice is so completely the law of the world, that it is not merely in religious matters that we must give all, or get nothing. If we want to do any great good to our fellow-creatures, though it be solely a temporal good, it is just the same. Give yourself and all you have, and most likely you will get it; give half, and you get nothing worth mentioning."

"I wonder what you give," I thought; and then I said aloud, "Do you think St. Paul expected the world to last as long as it has done?"

"No," he answered, "nor (if he had known that it would last to this epoch) that he would have pictured to himself such a world as this is."

"Because he would naturally expect that all Christians were to be like the first," I replied; "instead of which, if he could see us now——"

"Well! If he could see us now, Miss Graham?"

"He would perhaps suppose that we were not Christians at all."

"Indeed!—yet he had a good deal of that most excellent gift of charity."

"I hope, if our Saviour came, He would acknowledge a great many of us as Christians. But Paul!—I cannot see how Paul could. He could not see into our hearts, or make allowance for circumstances. I think he would be very indignant with us. Perhaps he would consider Christianity to be extinct, and want to found it over again. And, you know, we could not argue with *him* about apostolic succession."

"That would be very awkward," said my patient, and to my surprise he laughed; "but I think you would find," he added, "that we should all come in for his censure with mortifying equality. We should see the wonderful balance weighted again, and learn which weighs heaviest—light or love. I must remind you, though, that if St. Paul came again he would find some virtues among us, that, if all Christians had been like the first, could have no longer any existence."

"Would he?"

"Certainly; for if the world had been thoroughly Christian, there would by this time be no oppression, nor ignorance, nor squalor, nor crime. The whole having been done, Paul would have found us either attending to our own concerns, or waiting to see what was to be done next."

"But, if we were all Christians, are you sure that there would be no more poverty?"

"Certainly not—that is, if (as we are pleased to suppose) we were such Christians as the first; for their crowning virtue was the conquering of their selfishness, and selfishness is the vice which stands in the world's light at present. Instead of subduing poverty by helping and inducing the poor to go out and inherit the earth, many of us wish to keep them crowded here, because their poverty is their inducement to labour for us rich. Why, if the swarms in the weaving and the spinning world are to be thinned, who will bring a revenue to the cotton-lord? If the crowded alley is to be deserted, who will make our shirts and our gowns? and if at the parish school we bring up all the children to fly like nestlings as soon as they are fledged, where are our housemaids and nursemaids and cookmaids to come from? Am I bound to reap my own corn, because a long way off a field lies fallow, that starving Jem Brown might reap for himself, if I would send him to it? Must my wife dress herself, because

she has taught her pretty maid to sail for a place where she can be her own mistress? Must my daughter sit in the nursery, and sing her little brothers and sisters to sleep, because the village maidens grow too wise through her lessons to do the work of my house, and wish to go away, and be welcomed to houses of their own? No; truly God made my servant what he is; God placed me over him: let him work—it is his duty; let me play—it is my birthright; and let none of us presume to wish that God had placed us otherwise! That is what people say—at least a great many of them."

What a singular man my supposed sailor now seemed to me,—vehement as a boy—eyes dilating and flashing, but otherwise motionless as a log. Strange that he should say all this to a young girl of whom he knew nothing, and that he should put such energy into his words when the pain in his shoulder absolutely forbade him to turn on his pillow.

He complained that the bandage on his arm was tight, so I brought scissors to cut the thread, and a needle to fasten it again. As I handled his arm my hand trembled a little, and he said hoarsely, "Indeed, you do it excellently well; I am grieved that on my behalf you are obliged to undertake what alarms you."

As pain made him wince once or twice, I was a little frightened; for the excitement was over now, that in the night had made it easy.

I had thought, several times during our conversation, that this must be the man whom I had heard so much of from Mr. Dickson, and, unable to repress the wish to know, I said, "May I look at your book again—at the fly-leaf?"

He smiled, and asked "Why?"

"Because I wish to know who you are."

He pushed the Testament towards me with his better hand, and said, "Perhaps I feel the same curiosity as to you: first, a brave lady waiting in the night on the dead and the living——"

"Oh, it is easy to do anything when one is excited."

"Is it? So much the better; and then——"

"And then a silly girl, I suppose, taking for granted that you must needs be a sailor—a man before the mast—and also afraid to look at a burn."

"Having previously declared that she should not be afraid to bear it."

"I think so still."

"And then reading Greek; and now——"

I was looking at the fly-leaf. Yes, it was as I had expected: there stood the name—"Giles Brandon"!

"I hope my name does not displease you," said my patient quietly.

It pleased me at my very heart ; but I did not say anything, only laid the book down again, and went to the berth of one of the children who had just awoke.

The little three-year-old cherub had not forgotten her "banyan" days, and, holding out her chubby arms, said "Oh, please, I want some pudding."

I wrapped her in a shawl, and took her into the chief cabin, where were Tom and my uncle ; and while we sent Brand to fetch her some dinner, I said, "Why did you not tell me that was Mr. Brandon?"

"How could I suppose you did not know it?" was his not unnatural answer. As he spoke, he was admiring the child's rosy little foot, holding it in his hand.

"I shall have to change berths with you to-night," he presently said. "Of all things I dislike being near people when they are ill."

"I do not mind it in the least. I wish to be able to attend on them."

"Oh, Brand must do all that to-night," said Tom ; "and if you can do it in the day, well and good. I couldn't——"

"Pooh !" said my uncle, mistaking the drift of our words. "I am very glad that Dorothea is not lackadaisical. If this Mr. Brandon were a young man, there might be some excuse, but he looks old enough to be her father."

"His face is scorched and swollen," said Tom, "but I do not think he can be more than forty."

Some cold rice pudding now appeared, and my little darling made with hands and tongue demonstrations of ecstasy. I began to feed her, and in the midst of the meal Mrs. Brand appeared with a frock, made of part of a gown which I had given her in the morning to cut up for the children.

She had been very diligent.

"It is all cobbled up, ma'am," she said, "and so is the petticoat ; but they will do for the present."

"Oh ! it is beautiful, Mrs. Brand ; and the next time my uncle and Mr. Graham go on deck, we will wash and dress the children here."

"Which is as much as to say, that the sooner we go the better," observed my uncle.

Mrs. Brand had been so busy, that she had forgotten her usual discontent ; but now she suddenly remembered a new source of sorrow.

"And whatever is to be done," quoth she, "if we don't soon go into port, I'm sure I don't know ; for our young lady has hardly a thing left to wear. Her gowns, her white petticoats, her pocket-handkerchers gone to the Irish folks ; and these pretty ones, and that blessed little *cerpse* that I'm sure I haven't a word to say against."

My uncle on hearing this looked aghast, and I said,—

"I think you and I can arrange this little matter without troubling the gentlemen about it."

"Have you parted with much, Dorothea?" said my uncle.

"Not with much, uncle, that was of use at sea."

"Why, lor', Miss Graham, your good purple coburg and that excellent black cloth cloak."

"Well, we will talk of this some other time: that cloak was very unbecoming to me."

"Would ten pounds set the damage right?" asked my uncle of Mrs. Brand.

"Yes, uncle; and five pounds I still have left of my allowance. Now, Mrs. Brand, go and fetch the other child; I hear her crying."

"Ten pounds you *shall* have," said my uncle, very angrily, just as if he was decreeing me a punishment. I did not want him to find me such an expense just at first, but it was of no use disputing the point, so I thanked him with as good a grace as I could, and resolved that Mrs. Brand should have a scolding for her interference on the first convenient opportunity.

The gowns I had given away were of very little use at sea. A black silk, a blue one, and the brown-holland affair that Mrs. Brand had made for me while I was ill, were all I now cared to retain, excepting some muslins which I kept to wear on shore; for a starched muslin becomes limp directly at sea, and most colours fade, so there was no self-denial in what I had done.

In came Brand with a roast chicken, bread-sauce, and green peas; and Mrs. Brand with the other child, who was very cross and hard to please, did not want to be dressed, did not want any dinner, did not think the chief cabin was at all a pretty place—no, and did not mean to be good.

The roasted chicken, etc., were intended for Mr. Brandon, and Tom volunteered to go and give him his dinner, Brand following with the tray, and my uncle marching in brimful of hospitality, and probably bent on making his guest eat and drink more than was good for him.

"It's the queerest thing I ever knew, ma'am," said Mrs. Brand, "that our name should be Brand and the gentleman's name Brandon."

I admitted that it was odd, but it had not struck me before; and we were soon fully occupied with the children,—my little pudding-eater beginning to cry because her sister did, and both fretting and pining all the time we were dressing them.

Their new pink frocks pleased them, however; and the elder, after due persuasion, ate a little piece of bread and marmalade.

I was bent on making them look nice to please my uncle; their wet shoes had been dried and blacked, their little socks washed, and their hair carefully brushed,—it hung down straight and silky over their cherub cheeks; but, though they looked rosy, they were still

fatigued and listless, and at last, as nothing pleased them—it rained so that they could not go on deck—I let the elder go back to her berth with Mrs. Brand, and kept the little one, thinking to manage her by myself. But I was deceived: no sooner was the elder child withdrawn than this little thing broke forth afresh into the most dismal wailing.

"Oh, I want to go too! Oh, I want to go to my Mr. Brandon! Oh, I do, I do, I do! I don't like this place at all."

I was soon obliged to promise that as soon as she was good she should go; thereupon came a smothering of the sobs, and the prompt assurance, "I are good."

So I took her up and joined the assemblage in my cabin, where I found my uncle chatting to Mr. Brandon, while Tom carved for him, and Mrs. Brand sat in a corner nursing the elder child, who was gradually sobbing herself to sleep.

More rest and more food had restored the voice which was so hoarse before; it was now deep and decided, but, like many another man who is fond of children, Mr. Brandon could soften his tones when he spoke to them, and make them caressing and tender.

I held my pretty little tyrant in my arms, and she intimated that it was her pleasure to go and look at "her Mr. Brandon," so I took her up to his berth; and she gazed at him for awhile, saying, with a sage gravity,—

"He's got a very ugly face to-day; it's all over scratches."

An ugly face every day, I thought, as I looked at it, though no doubt the singeing of the hair and whiskers, and a bruise across the bridge of the nose, had not improved it.

"I want to kiss he," were her next words, so I put her dimpled cheek down to his face.

"I thought I heard somebody cry," said Mr. Brandon.

"That was me—I did cry."

"What did you cry for?"

"Because I did." There must be some inherent reason in human nature to account for this answer: all children give it. I wonder what equivalent for it French children have. "Where's my baby?" continued the child; "my baby didn't have any pudding."

"Baby is not here," said Mr. Brandon, gently.

"Is he in that other ship, sailing away?"

"No."

"I want *he*. Look at my new frock; this one," touching my cheek with her finger, "this one did give it me; it has pink buttons—look," and she held out her sleeve.

"What a kind lady!"

"It has pink buttons; but," in a low voice, "I don't want *her* to carry me."

"You little ingrate! But I think you tire Miss Graham's arm."

You don't want to look at me any longer, you know, as I have got such an ugly face."

"Yes, I do."

But I thought I had stood there long enough, so I bribed her with the promise of some pictures to come away; but even then she would not leave the cabin; she must stay, she said, and take care of Mr. Brandon; so the dinner being now cleared away, I retired, and left her there under the charge of Mrs. Brand.

The sea-sickness, though it was quite gone, had, of course, left me rather weak; so I was not sorry to find the chief cabin empty; and I took a couch and sat down, to think over the events of the last few days and hours.

The rain had ceased; I did not care to go on deck, but sat there reflecting till the natural consequence followed: I again fell asleep and dozed deliciously, till a sudden clatter of footsteps startled me, and Tom came in, crying out, "Come, Dorothea, come; your laziness astonishes me. Don't you want to see the Great Skellig?"

Of course I rushed on deck. The Great Skellig! I had seen a picture of a rock—a hard material thing; I had read descriptions of its geological strata; I knew it was a thousand feet high—but was *this* the Great Skellig? I stood amazed: there was a pale glassy sea, an empty sky, and right ahead of us, in the desert waters, floated and seemed to swim a towering spire of a faint rosy hue, and looking as if, though it was a mile off, its sharp pinnacle shot up into the very sky.

The "westernmost point of British land, and out of sight of the coast,"—was this that cruel rock on which the raging waves had driven such countless wrecks, and pounded them to pieces on its slippery sides?

A boat was lowered. Tom was going to row round it, though he said that, calm as the water was, it was still not quite safe to land. To my delight, he volunteered to take me with him; so I sent for my hat and cloak, and we rowed towards the great rock in the glorious afternoon sunshine.

How often have I been disappointed in the outline of hills and mountains: they seldom appear steep enough to satisfy the expectation that fancy has raised.

Here there was no disappointment. The Great Skellig shot up perpendicularly from the sea—not an inch of shore, the clear water lapping round it was not soiled by the least bit of gravel or sand. As we drew near, its hue changed; a delicate green down seemed to grow on it here and there. I sat in the boat and looked up, till at last its towering ledges hung almost over us, and its grand solitary head was lost, and the dark base showed itself in all its inaccessible bareness.

As we had lain half-way between it and the vessel, I had looked back and seen that our floating home was but like a green duck riding

on the water, while the Great Skellig in comparison was like the ramparts of some city whose crown was in the sky.

Now we were near, Tom said to me, "Do you see those peaks that look like little pinnacles?"

I looked, and his finger directed me to a row of points about a third of the height of the rock, and projecting from it.

"Those points," he continued, "are as high as Salisbury spire; when there is a storm, the wave breaks high enough to cover them with spray."

So sweet and calm they looked, serene and happy, I could hardly believe what I heard, nor picture to my heart the cries and wailing of human voices, the rending, pounding, and wrecking of human work that had been done on them, tossing from peak to peak, and ground on the pitiless rock, since first men sailed.

I was not sorry when we left the rock behind us; but Tom was bent on landing, if possible, and he also wished to see the Lesser Skellig; so as this could not be done that day, my uncle, who loved to give rocks a wide berth, meant to put out to sea for the night, and return so as to sight the Skelligs about morning dawn.

CHAPTER XII.

Hermione. By this we gather

You have tripped since.

Polixenes.

O my most sacred lady,

Temptations have since then been born to us.—*Winter's Tale.*

DINNER was ready when we reached the yacht, and while we dined Uncle Rollin told us he had changed several of his plans, for he had been talking with Mr. Brandon, who had told him that as the children now on board had no one at all to look after them, he did not intend to lose sight of them till they reached their destination.

They were to go to their grandmother, an old French lady who lived at Chartres.

"So," said our kind uncle, "I have offered to take him and them into Havre, and that will facilitate matters very much."

Tom and I looked at one another on hearing this, and for once he caught us doing it.

"I shall not stop a day longer at Havre than I can help," he remarked. Neither of us said a word; but I knew very well that Tom would like to have a few days to spend in the north of France. He was familiar enough with the ends of the earth, and had spent years in cruising about on the west coast of South America and in the China seas, but, excepting once when there had been a few months spent in the Mediterranean, and that was in his boyhood, he had never set his foot on the shore of France.

"There is nothing more ridiculous than the modern fashion of racing through a foreign country, and then fancying you know all about it," said Uncle Rollin. "Butter, Brand."

Still silence.

"Cheese," said my uncle, raising his voice; "you can't stir a step beyond a French seaport without a passport. In fact, so long as I am the owner of this yacht, I shall never lie in harbour, waiting till it is your—ahem! till it is other people's pleasure to come on board. Nobody takes any cheese, it appears. Clear away."

His voice had been rising at every sentence he spoke, and the moment he had said grace he marched on deck without waiting for his wine. Tom went into my cabin to sit by Mr. Brandon, and as there was a good deal of work to be done for the children, I remained where I was and began to stitch. Presently, down came Uncle Rollin again.

"Well, Miss Graham, you seem very much at home."

"I thought you would not object to my working here, uncle, because you know the after-cabin is occupied."

"Modest! why don't you say 'my cabin.' No, I don't object; but now, understand this,—if you think I am going to wait your pleasure while you run about in Normandy——"

"Indeed I never did think so, uncle; how could I run about there by myself?"

"By yourself! the presumption of some young people is astonishing! Then I suppose you expected me to escort you?"

I really was too much surprised to answer. When I had said "by myself," I had only wished him to think of me apart from Tom, whose cause I did not want to damage.

"Why don't you speak, Miss Graham? I know you have an answer on the tip of your tongue."

"I know I have presumed sometimes," I answered, unable to repress a smile; "but really, uncle, I never thought of that piece of presumption. If I had——"

"Well, if you had; go on, go on, I say."

"I had much better not."

"Then you should not have begun. Since you got over your seasickness you are more demure than ever; go on—nobody knows better than I, whether you presume. I hate mysteries; speak out—if you had what——"

"If I had, perhaps you would have rewarded me for it; you always do."

"Rewarded! what do you mean, child? Do you mean to say that I encourage you and Tom in presuming, and let you have your own way?"

"Yes, uncle, I think you do."

I felt a little alarmed when I had been compelled by questioning to

give this direct answer, and I went on as fast as I could with my work.

"If a man ought to command anywhere it is on board his own yacht. And here am I, told to my face, that I am encouraging mutiny. Well, Brandon shall go to Chartres because I said he should."

"Yes, uncle, and I shall stay behind because you said I should."

"Humph! Well, there was one thing that I prided myself on; only one—and it was——Pooh, child; what am I to kiss you for? a foolish custom—stuff, nonsense. What do you want, coaxing a man in this way? what do you want, hey?"

"Shall I have what I want?"

"I'll see about it."

"Then I want to stop with you in the dock at Havre."

"You do, do you?" (a short laugh). "I won't be lectured in this style for nothing. If it is more convenient to me that you should go to Chartres, go you shall."

"But you said you would see about it?"

He laughed; but I did not understand the cause of his gratification till afterwards, and went on, "I am very happy on board, I could not be happier than with you."

"Ahem!" he said, "if I don't assert some sort of authority now, I may as well give it up at once and for ever. So I say, go to Chartres you shall. I've set my mind on it, and I expect you to be content."

"Very well, uncle, I'll try."

"You will; nobody to see your grave little face would imagine—what are you folding your work up for?"

"It makes my head ache to work down here."

"Go on deck, then, and take the air; you may give me a kiss, if you like, first."

I went on deck, and about tea-time came below. As I reached the open door of my own cabin, I took off my hat and shawl and gave them to Mrs. Brand, desiring her to fetch me out my work, and as I waited these words fell on my ear,—

"So, as they have set their minds on it, go they must; young people, you know—young people contrive to get the better of an old man like me." He spoke as if this profession of slavery was made with great pride and self-gratulation.

A voice from the berth remarked in reply, on his great kindness and indulgence.

"Indulgent," was the reply, "well, perhaps I am. At any rate, I never deny them anything. Ask my niece if I do."

He had evidently come out, to his own apprehension, in a new character—that of the indulgent uncle. He had been quite unconscious hitherto of the manner in which he gave way to Tom and me; and now it was forced on his notice, he was highly gratified, and even

fussy. "Yes, yes," he said; "I suppose they will expect me to lie at Southampton Pier while they get their passports."

Mrs. Brand gave me my work, and I returned to the chief cabin.

That night we took coffee in the after-cabin with Mr. Brandon, who, although he could not lift up his head, declared that he felt much better. We then went on deck once more in the dusk, saw the dim outline of the Great Skellig, with the two lights on its summit looking like two great eyes in the head of some rampant monster. I went early to my new berth, and did not wake in the morning till Mrs. Brand came to call me.

"Mr. Tom says you must dress as fast as you can, miss, for it is calm, and he is going to land on the Lesser Rock. Some of the sailors have been there already. You never saw such a sight—it is covered with white ducks as thick as snow along the ledges."

I started up, and made inquiries about Mr. Brandon and the children. They had slept perfectly well, she said. Mr. Brandon had eaten a hearty breakfast, and now called for shaving-water.

"Much use he found he could make of it," she continued, with a dismal sigh. "That arm of his is so free from pain that I should not wonder if it has begun to mortify! However, I told him that Brand always shaved master, and he says he should be glad of his help, so I called him, and he is going to get him up."

"What for? He had much better lie still."

"He won't, ma'am. His shoulders are much better; and he is so shocked at your being turned out of your cabin."

"What nonsense! I wish I had known."

"He can't abide the confinement either—gentlemen never can. He wants to be on deck; so he has got some clothes of Mr. Graham's and a loose overcoat, and get up he says he will. Called for a looking-glass he did, and when he saw himself he laughed till the tears ran down his face. One of his cheeks is a good deal swelled, and he has some blisters on his forehead yet. I think he's hoarser than ever this morning—he croaks like a raven."

I could not do anything in the matter but say to Mrs. Brand how glad I should be if he could be comfortable where he was; but it was pleasant to find that he was well enough even to think of rising. So she went away, and I was dressed and nearly ready to come on deck, when she burst in again to the little state-room, pale and staring.

"Oh, Miss Graham!—Oh, my heart beats so! Bless me, Mr. Brandon—he would get up, and he has fainted!"

I had seen Mrs. Bell faint too often to be alarmed at this news. I had a bottle of salts that I bought at Ipswich to use at church when I felt sleepy, so I rushed to the scene of action to find it; and there I saw the two children sitting up in their berths wailing, and Mr. Brandon lying flat on his back on the floor, with Tom and Brand on one side of him, and my uncle on the other. A large basket of

spotted eggs stood on the floor, and round about the patient and over him sprawled several awkward-looking ducklings. Each child was hugging one, and a third was spreading out its skinny web feet on the pillow that he had laid his head on.

I pushed my way past them to find my keys, and open the locker where these salts were kept, and when they were discovered, Mr. Brandon had begun to recover consciousness, and was sitting upon the floor, Tom and Brand supporting him. His lips were blue, his face yellow, and he looked so different from the crimson-hued patient of yesterday that I should not have recognised him.

The first words he uttered were words of rebellion against his nurses. "Take the odious stuff away!" So, finding that he did not like the salts, I dipped a handkerchief in cold water, and laid it on his forehead, whereupon he opened his eyes and shivered, looking about him with an air of disgust and astonishment.

"This," he presently observed, with the true perversity of a sick man, as distinguished from a sick woman—"this is entirely because I did not go on deck quickly enough."

"Sir, you had not strength to get up at all," remarked Mrs. Brand.

"If I could breathe the fresh air I should be well enough. Nothing pulls a man down like lying in bed."

When he had absolutely the day before been unable to lift his head from the pillow!

"You'd much better lie down again, sir."

"No; I must shake this off. It won't do to yield to it."

"Do wait, sir, for a little while."

"What is the use of arguing?" said I. "If Mr. Brandon can go on deck, it will do him good."

"Yes, exactly so; that is what I intend."

"And if he finds he cannot he is quite safe here."

"There is no doubt that I can do it."

I was almost sure he could not, but Tom said there was no harm in trying, so he presently made another effort to rise and stand on his feet, which with a good deal of help he accomplished.

I was so much afraid he would fall that I did not dare to look till he had dragged himself out of my cabin, and by the aid of a few pulls and a few pushes had actually got on deck.

So feeling sure that he would not be able to sit up long, I rolled up the mattress and pillows belonging to one of the berths, gave it to Mrs. Brand to take on deck, and followed with two railway rugs. I told her to lay them down very near where he was sitting, and I spread one of the rugs over them.

Bravely as he had struggled, and strong as he thought himself, a glance of unmistakable contentment shone in his eyes when he saw these preparations. He was chilly, though the morning was fine; and when I had arranged his pillows, he came and thankfully laid

himself down, uttering a murmur of satisfaction when the second rug was thrown over his shoulders. I sent Mrs. Brand for another pillow, and he said,—

"This is very comfortable ; I am grateful for such kind consideration. The air does me good."

"I hope you will not be the worse for this removal."

"My nurse is grave this morning, she disapproves."

"I heard that your chief reason for rising was that you could not intrude longer in my cabin."

A smile glimmered in his eyes. "A natural feeling," he answered, "and on the whole laudable."

No one was standing near him but myself, the air lifted his rug, and I had to kneel down and tuck it under his mattress ; while so occupied I said, "I wonder what Paul would have done in such a case ; I wonder whether the Primitive Christians risked their health out of politeness to ladies."

"In my opinion if Paul could have seen a grave, quiet young lady of the present century tucking a sick man up, and lecturing him, he would have been edified—as I am."

"And what would he have thought of the sick man ?"

"Miss Graham, ninety-nine men out of a hundred would reply, 'He would have envied him ;' I shall answer nothing of the sort."

"You mean that you shall answer more to the purpose ?"

"Ingenious ! By-the-bye, when we talked yesterday of the inferiority of the present race of Christians, did you include women ?"

"Of course."

"There we differ ; I believe there never were such women in the world as there are now—never."

"And how do you feel yourself now, sir ?" asked Mrs. Brand, coming up and putting on a dismal face.

"Thank you, I feel quite comfortable, and very hungry."

In fact, his face had regained its old hue ; his eyes were bright, and his whole appearance showed how much the air had refreshed him.

Lest he should feel faint again, I asked Mrs. Brand not to lose sight of him, and went below to breakfast—to order something to eat for him, and to look after my dear little pets.

The elder child was still fretful and very unfriendly ; but the little one was perfectly sociable and came on deck after breakfast. At first she was very active, and put me in constant fear lest she should get into danger ; but after a good deal of persuasion from Mr. Brandon, she came and sat on the corner of his rug and listened to some expostulations as to her behaviour.

Tom had caused a carpet to be spread close to the mattress ; and the awning was up, for the sun was now hot. I took out my book and sat down under it by my little charge, glad to rest so long as she would let me.

A good many of the forlorn lumps of down had been brought to Mr. Brandon in a basket, and he and Tom were feeding them with bits of raw fish. Tom had explored the Lesser Skellig and was tired of it; but some of the sailors had been allowed to land and were plundering a few of the nests. It seemed cruel to take the poor birds, but sailors are very wasteful of animal life, and we heard that they were going to make a large mallard pie.

It was perfectly calm, not a ripple on the water, and the yacht lay so near the rock that its shadow reached to within a few cables' length of her lee beam.

The sun beat on the awning, but there was a golden-hued shade beneath. I could see the lower ledges of the rock where the brooding mallards sat. Sometimes, when the sailors roused them, a flock would fly screaming over our heads.

My little nurseling crept to my knees as I sat on the carpet, laid her head on them and fell fast asleep; the conversation of Tom and Mr. Brandon was so very uninteresting that I only listened to it, as it were, with one ear. It concerned square, circular, and elliptical sterns. Tom was eloquent, our guest attentive. From this the subject veered to the different modes of securing beam ends to the sides of ships, and Tom brought a book and showed some diagrams trying to make him decide on the comparative merits of a modern "side-cast knee" and "Sepping's forked knee and chock." I knew he had brought the discussion on himself, but he did not quite care to give his mind to it, and as he chose to import me into it, I forthwith selected the "side-cast" thing because it looked the simplest, but thereupon an explanation was begun, which proved to such as could understand that the latter of the two was preferable.

Then while I had a fit of inattention, or rather of rapt admiration of the golden shadow, the white flapping canvas, the delightful, pale polish of the water, and the strange, populous rock with foolish ducks standing or squatting in rows on every ledge, they began to talk of their travels, and Tom, who could hardly ever converse with me of anything but passing things and mere facts, brought out his opinions freely enough now he had a man to talk to.

Once or twice I had spoken of our childhood, but it seemed to give him pain. "You may think of these things gladly enough," he said, "but I seem to have set a long night between myself and the beautiful morning. Sometimes I can hardly bear to think of that great promise which has come to nothing." I knew he was speaking of his early genius then, and ventured to propose that he should give up his desultory ways and study with me, teaching me as he had formerly done, but he laughed rather bitterly and answered, "No, my dear child, I would fain hope that you will never learn anything more of me."

He was always most prudishly careful what he said before me; but

he had a sort of admiring, and yet slighting, way of mentioning women, and especially the Mexican women, that always made my heart ache. I wished he could have spent his early youth with women of finer nature and higher soul, such as the English or Americans. But while I was mourning over this in my mind, and thinking on the singular kind of watch that he seemed to keep over me as if I was not infinitely better able to take care of my feminine dignity than he was, Mr. Brandon, who had just come from the States, began to talk of them, and I was attracted again to the conversation by his saying of the American girls, "They often reminded me of a woman in a book."

"How so?" said Tom.

"They held set conversations and expected me to keep to the point," he answered, laughing; "that was at Boston. I went to several parties there, and felt that I must be as intellectual as circumstances would permit."

"That is the kind of girl who would frighten me out of my wits," exclaimed Tom.

"Just as if a girl of eighteen or nineteen was not ten times more interesting in herself than anything she could tell one," proceeded Mr. Brandon. "And they are so pretty. They talked exceedingly well, too; not in the least as an English girl would talk though, or could if she would."

"That may be from the different bringing up."

"Yes, no doubt; one seldom hears an English girl talk tolerably on any intellectual subject when she first comes out; but, then, there is often a naive and lovely ignorance about her, the bloom of childhood hangs round her, and she thinks the world is as good as herself."

"American girls are more clever than we are, perhaps; or they have earlier advantages of going into society and talking with intellectual people," I said, when he paused.

He answered me with some trifling compliment. I was nineteen then, and by no means liked the notion that any bloom of childhood might still hang about me. Perhaps a girl, who is nineteen in the year 1871, is not often afflicted with this disadvantage, and I need not trouble myself about it now, for that conversation took place a good many years ago.

"No," said Tom, in a somewhat oracular manner, "I do not know why a girl should be expected to talk well till she is at least twenty. There cannot be much in her; she may be prettily exacting, or charmingly modest, but her attractions must be personal, not intellectual."

"But a girl in a book can talk well at any age, you think," I remarked to our guest."

"She always does," he replied; "and girlhood in a tale is often represented as the embodiment of self-possession, combined with a

grand, calm, and a wide experience which," he added, and hesitated a little—"which I have never met with in real life, and I am very glad of it! I presume to prefer the real thing."

He said this as if he perceived that I found my youth, or rather my youthful appearance, what Mrs. Bell was in the habit of calling "a dispensation"—something painful that was ordained, and could not be escaped. But I believe I only thought this, because I was sensitive on the point myself. I had hoped that the tan of the sea would make me look older; but, on the contrary, it gave a little bloom to my cheeks, which, though becoming, did not age me by a day. I took up the little book of directions by which I was tatting a collar, and occupied myself with it while they went on talking. It was a time of profound peace, and yet they tortured my heart by all sorts of gloomy prognostics, such as I frequently read in newspapers, but had not yet heard discussed by the living voice. Then they turned to home politics, and there, of course, everything was going to rack, for their party was not in. As girls are not able to converse, I had not intended to have anything further to say; but at last they got so very lugubrious, that I was impelled to exclaim, turning to Mr. Brandon,—

"You speak as if freedom was some great anomaly."

"So it is," he answered quietly, but with an air of full conviction.

"And almost certain to be snatched away?"

"So I think."

"But why?"

"Because intelligence does not keep pace with it—the common notion of freedom is leave to each individual to do just as he likes."

"And does not everybody think that desirable?"

"Am I obliged to think as everybody thinks—mayn't I be original?"

"I am not at all sure that you may!"

"That's right, Dolly," said Tom; "what a tyrant you would be if you might reign!"

"I assure you that I admire liberty," said Mr. Brandon, laughing. "I wish that we should all have as much as we know what to do with. What we were both saying that we hated was that *individualism* which too much personal liberty is apt to lead to, and which tends to bring in the loss of national liberty and power. People ought to be able to think of themselves as part of some great whole, and they are losing the ability to do so."

"It is better, you think, to feel ourselves to be part of something great than the whole of something small?"

"Certainly; the secular use of a church and one great use of a government is to give this feeling, and prevent society from breaking up into units."

"Still you make me feel as if nothing was secure."

"Could there be a better feeling if things are insecure?"

"No; but suppose they are not, and suppose I think so?"

"Why, then no harm is done; you will not sleep less sweetly for other people's talk; you will take just as much pains in working this little collar as if I had not said a word."

"But so she would," said Tom, rising and laughing, "if she believed it all and knew it was true."

They would not talk seriously, so I answered—

"In my opinion, men are quite as particular about their collars and their neck-ties as we are."

"I am," said Tom; "but, then, in spite of all we have said, I believe the country will come right in the end. If I did not, you should see what a figure I would go."

"And you need not look at my neck-tie, Miss Graham; it but ill represents my feelings. The captain's valet tied this killing knot."

"Well, Mr. Brandon, I will not judge you by to-day; but if you can assure me that when you do your ties yourself you are quite indifferent how they look, I will believe you."

"And think me a patriot?"

"Yes; or else that you are untidy."

At this moment the boatswain came and touched his hat to Tom.

"Tide's just on the turn, sir."

"I must go, Brandon," said Tom. "I want to see the lighthouse, and this is the best time."

He went below to take some luncheon, and our guest said,—

"What is it that displeases you so much in our politics, Miss Graham?"

I answered, "It was not so much what you said about politics as what you alluded to about religion."

"I did not say that I thought our religion was in danger."

"No; but you would not have said what you did unless you had thought so."

A smile of amusement played about the corners of his mouth. "The inference is fair," he said; "and may I ask what you think?"

I began to think that I did not know what to do with this conversation; but I had brought it on myself, and I could not stir, for the child's head was on my lap, and she still slept soundly. It was not so much because he had said that girls could not talk, however, that I felt a difficulty in answering. It was more because he did not look quite the same man that he had appeared to be hitherto. The red face had become of a more natural colour, and the swelled nose was now of a very respectable shape. I began to perceive, besides, not only by his looks, but by his whole manner, that he could not be nearly so old a man as I had thought.

I went on working, and there was silence; till, at last, looking up,

I saw that his eyes were on my face, so I said, "Perhaps I have no very settled opinion, or perhaps, if I have, it is not worth anything."

He repeated gently and not at all uncourteously, "Perhaps." And I began to wish myself away, for I had only imported myself into the conversation to express my dislike to his opinions. Now, it seemed, I must give some reason for the dislike.

"It seems to me," I said at last, "that if things are firm and settled, and fixed, one should not discuss them as if they were not, because that is one way of unsettling them."

"What!" he answered, "if I set my back against a church-wall and push, and say, 'I don't believe this wall is firm,' will my action make the wall come down unless my opinion is correct?"

"No; but I want Tom to think of the church walls as strong, because his religion consists in *going inside them* now and then. As he said himself the other day, his presenting himself there is as much as to say, 'Here I am, your reverence; if you can do anything for me, now's your time.' That he thinks is enough."

"But he is to respect the church walls, is he not, because there is something inside them?"

"Yes."

"I wanted to remind him of that. I said the form only existed for the sake of the spirit. It is the visible part of religion; but surely it has no significance if there is no spirit. Afterwards, you know, he shifted his ground a little."

"Yes, dear fellow, he did not wish you to think that he accepted what he calls the whole system of dogma, and he remarked that the tendency of modern thought was towards freeing the mind from the bonds of dogma and form."

"And so then I shifted my ground, and tried to show him what a terrible mistake he was making against himself, if he made his religion to consist in form, and yet argued that it was not binding on him! A true man never wants to be freed from a binding form for any other reason than that he may yield himself more fully to the spirit."

"Still," I said, reverting to the cause of my discontent, "I wish you had contradicted him when he said that the church was in danger."

"I could not. A visible church is always in danger; the invisible only is Immortal, like its Head."

"I sympathise very much with Tom," was my answer, "though I never had any difficulties myself."

"Of course not," he answered gently; "Christianity always suits us well enough so long as we suit it. A mere mental difficulty is not hard to deal with. Did you see the ducks yesterday sitting by their thousands, every one with her face to the wind, so that it blew all their feathers the right way. Their work went on just as well in

spite of the wind ; so will ours if we face it. The difficulty that cannot be faced is of another sort. It is not often a thought that makes religion void. With most of us it is not reason makes faith hard, but life. A great many people think of religion as if it was a game that they had to play with an August Opponent—a game at which both could not win, and yet they actually think they can play it unfairly. They want to cheat. But in that grand and awful game, it cannot be said that either wins unless both do."

I heard Tom come up, and wondered what he would think if he could know what I had said of him ; but little Nannette that moment waking, I asked Mr. Brandon to come below, that his arm might be attended to, and he did not receive the unwelcome suggestion with a very good grace, for he knew it frightened me to attend to it. I could hardly help laughing at his rueful face, when he said,—

"If it had only been the other arm, I could have looked after it myself."

Tom now appeared, after his luncheon, and when he heard the state of the case, he helped to haul up the patient, who, when he was on his feet (the said feet being encased in slippers on account of blistered soles), took a few steps backward and forward, and looked about him exultingly. He had a well-built and very graceful figure, and his scorched features, as I said before, were improving.

But Brand had cut off his singed hair and nearly all his whiskers. This added somewhat of the air of a convict to his former charms.

"I must be an impostor, after all," he observed, standing erect. "There seems to be nothing the matter with me. Neck a little stiff ; that's nothing ; hands blistered—so they ought to be ; nobody need care about that."

"If any fellow dares to call you an invalid," said Tom, "he had better keep his distance."

I heard this as I ran down with little Nannette in my arms to give her to Mrs. Brand, while I prepared for my patient, who presently came below. His arm was very much better, and it would have been disgraceful if I had shown any fear.

My uncle presently came on board, in a beautiful little cutter, a hired boat. He had been that day to Killarney with Mr. Crayshaw, who had need of some temporary help as regarded money matters ; and he had heard the last of the poor man whom Tom had picked off the bowsprit. It seems he had gone down to plunder the passengers' cabins of any valuables he could find ; and his love of drink overcoming him, he had stayed below till the boat and the raft were off. He was an acrobat, one of the troupe. He had never seemed quite to recover his drunken fit, and that morning he had been taken with some kind of stroke, and had died.

We all had luncheon in the chief cabin, and after that my patient,

with a little help, got on deck again ; and when I followed some time after, I found Mrs. Brand approaching him with a huge nosegay, and the children with her, dragging a basket of flowers between them.

Fresh flowers were luxuries belonging to the shore that my uncle could never dispense with. Brand had orders on no occasion to land without getting some, if he could ; and he had been scouring the country for these and fresh vegetables. They scented the whole yacht, as she lay almost at rest on the water—a lovely little heap of sweet williams, pinks, larkspurs, roses, and ferns.

Mr. Brandon was so stiff that he could hardly turn on his mattress ; and the children, in their eagerness to display their flowers, overthrew their basket upon him, to the great scandal of Mrs. Brand, who said they made him look like a *corpse* strewn all over for the burial. They then sat by him, and began to gather them up in their fat little hands.

"These have all tumbled out of their little house !" exclaimed Nannette, showing him a double pink whose petals had burst the calyx. "Put them in again, will 'oo !"

"What a fool of a flower," he answered.

"Sir," said Mrs. Brand, in a low tone of remonstrance, "it's one of the works of God."

"You don't think, do you," he replied, "that any flower came first from the hands of its Maker, unable to bloom without splitting. This flower has been spoilt by the gardener's cultivation, as they call it. The lovely wild flowers, you know, are the flowers that God made."

"Here's another," said Frances: "all the little men have jumped out."

Mr. Brandon asked for thread, and began to tie up the broken flowers. "This comes," he observed, "from leaving these beautiful things to half-educated men, who have a vulgar longing to make them big, but no sense of grace or fitness."

"I have often thought how ugly the large modern rosebuds are," I said. "Some of them before they begin to expand are as large as walnuts, as heavy, and almost as hard."

"Yes," he answered ; "if you took one by the stalk, you might kill a baby with it, swinging it against the little creature's temples."

"Still it is difficult to know where to stop. How can we tell when a flower has reached the point when we should cease to cultivate ?"

"We may always be sure a flower has been over-cultivated, if it dies hard and has a dead body. What can be more unsightly than the soppy, mouldy head of a double-quilled dahlia ? The more you double a wallflower, the more debased it becomes, gets coarse, loses its scent, and when it dies has no notion what to do with itself. But how lovely is the single passion-flower ! It does not die at all,

but expands a pale splendour of blue and green; and when it has looked long enough at the light, it closes, shrinks back again into the green calyx, and, like another bud, retires. Then the gum cystus, while her flowers are still perfectly clean and fresh, she sheds petals; they drift away, and in an hour or two are invisible. The iris retreats in the night, and hides within the sheath after its one day of glory. Then the new flower comes out at dawn, expands and beautifully covers the place. When there is a litter, a tearing away of overlaiden boughs, or an unsightly lump of decay in the garden, it is a sign that we have not understood or respected the natures we have been playing with."

All this while he held the flowers together with the hand he could use, and little Frances tied in the petals with darning-cotton.

"Here are some feather-hyacinths," I said; "surely it is late for them."

"No, ma'am," answered Mrs. Brand; "I have some below that I bought a week ago at Weymouth. I went on shore there, you know, to see the horsemanship and the dwarf."

"Yes, I remember."

"And the stout lady," she continued, with enthusiasm. "She had a bunch of flowers in her belt; and Brand thought it would be very interesting to have them; so he said, if she would sell them, he was quite agreeable to buy. They were sprinkled with the sawdust of the circus, but quite fresh. I'll fetch them up for you to see."

"Fancy the desecration," said Mr. Brandon, as she retired—"the sawdust, the gas, the circus."

"She thinks no harm, but she would consider it wrong to talk of vulgar flowers."

"Yes; but taking flowers into a circus seems to me much the same as if Solomon had used the sacred anointing oil that was left after his consecration to grease his chariot wheels with. Look, Frances, here is a heartsease. Do you see its beautiful little face?"

"It's laughing at me," said the child, looking earnestly at the flower. "Kiss it, then, Nannette."

"Is it happy?" asked Nannette.

"Oh, yes, and very good. What sympathy children have with nature!—till education clouds it. How distinct the little face is in this flower, as if when the first heartsease was fashioned there had been a thought in the heart of the great Maker of the first child's face that should look into it ages after. Flowers always seem to me to be the lovely fancies of God—things that, as it were, He made for His own pleasure—for Himself, as well as for us."

"Surely you impute to God our feelings."

"Why not? We feel His great difference only too well. Every year God becomes more marvellous and more remote. It is the likeness that draws us to Him. It is surely no irreverence to say, since

He has brought a sense of the beauty of His work into our hearts, that He derives some splendid joy from it also. Indeed the strange, sweet old words, 'God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good,' seem to point almost to the majestic movement of a tender pride."

I left the children after this, going below to Uncle Rollin, to take my second lesson in navigation. He advised me to write up my log. I had made two entries, and he commended me, and expressed his satisfaction about things in general. He had not found me such a trouble as he expected; in short, he might as well say (for it was true) that he had not found me any trouble at all.

This was very agreeable news; and it was nice to know also that a slight breeze had sprung up, so that we could get away from the Skellegs. I did not like being too near those awful rocks. When the red sunset glowed upon them that evening, they had a most strange and weird appearance; they seemed to be half smothered in a red haze, and to sit up in the water like two great dogs threatening us. The wind continued to freshen, and I, finding myself perfectly well, began to consider that the life suited me.

I sat, enjoying the fine weather. An old brig, crowding all sail, looked picturesque enough as we approached her, and, venturing to admire, I was met with a storm of abuse. "A rotten old tub! she trembles at every sea that strikes her bows, and weeds are streaming from her bends," &c. I found that I had better talk as little as possible on all matters connected with shipping. It seemed that I had a natural inaptitude for picking up nautical language, for whenever I used a sea phrase it was sure to be a wrong one.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE wind continued to be quite in our favour, and that day and the next passed very pleasantly; but I found so much to do for the children that I could not be long on deck, excepting when they were brought up to take some exercise.

Sometimes the little creatures chose to come and sit by the mattress, and tell Mr. Brandon concerning their various new clothes and of the toy ships and boats that continually came from the people as offerings. Nannette generally walked about with a brig in full sail under one arm, and a basket of ducklings under the other. Frances had a pinafore full of little boats, and when their masts were broken, she expected him to put them in again.

He was an odd man, and as he gained strength a kind of suppressed energy showed itself in his well-governed voice, and his dancing, penetrating eyes looked more like independent live things than

features of his steady face. His other features were well under command, and he had a clear, manly voice, very different in its tones from the soft depths of Tom's, but quite as pleasant in its way, and as I moved about with my work, following the children, I often heard every word of his part in the dialogue, when Tom's was only a soft murmur of sound.

He was often fond of talking of the world as a whole, and the land in it, as if one could dibble in men here and there, just as in a garden one may dibble in vegetables.

He had been buying bits of land in various parts; he "had a family in his eye" that would just suit his last purchase, and he used frequently to argue and dispute with Tom about the best thing to be done for the English lower classes; they always differed about almost everything, but yet they seemed never tired of sharpening their wits against each other's notions.

Almsgiving, in his opinion, was, as at present conducted, a mean, vulgar vice. The world ought to have done with almsgiving long ago. "Beggars! what's to be done with the beggars, do you say? How dare we have any beggars?"

He had taken out a man and his wife to the Pampas, he told us, when he was only three-and-twenty. Then he went to Rio and Bahia to amuse himself and look about him, promising them that if they did not like the life before them when they had tried it, he would fetch them back again. It appeared by the story that they did not like it—at least, the husband brought the wife on board, and begged him to take them home again. He admitted that this was the most awkward thing that had ever happened to him, but when the steamer had got too far for any remedy to be found, he discovered that the man had escaped and gone back to Rosario, leaving the wife by her own connivance on his hands.

"I took her to Southampton," he said, "and bribed her never to show her face in our parts any more. Then I went home to my stepfather, feeling very small."

"And were not cured of that form of philanthropy?" said Tom.

"Certainly not; almsgiving is not open to me. If a man thinks he wants half-a-crown, and I am base enough to give it to him, instead of helping him to his inheritance that he really does want, there is nothing bad that I do not deserve. I must win his confidence, and by fair means, or by wholesome scolding and driving, sweep him or buffet him for his own good out of the country. Hang him, why is he to be an absentee more than an Irish landlord? Drive the rascal to his estate, and let him live on it."

"Hang him!" does not sound a particularly charitable or gentle thing to say, yet this queer man said it with a softening in his voice that was almost tender.

"There is no cant that I hate like the cant about resignation," he

exclaimed the next day, after he had been telling us some things about the London poor.

"Surely it is a Christian virtue," I remarked.

"Yes, I suppose there is such a virtue; but it must be rare. I never had any occasion to exercise it. I am not presumptuous enough to think so."

"Indeed!"

"Most of the pain or misfortune that I have gone through has been from my own fault. I have been repentant, and have tried to take the consequences as well as I could. The rest——"

"Well, the rest?" said Tom.

"The rest I look upon as discipline that ought to make, and is intended to make, a better man of me."

"And which of the two do you consider this burn on your arm to be?"

"Neither. I consider that I bought a certain thing and paid for it. I got it dirt cheap. Crayshaw and I went below to fetch up the two children, but a rush of burning hot air came after us, and we had to lie down with our mouths to the floor. I wanted my child's head (Nannette's) to be close to the floor, and yet not to touch it, because it was so dreadfully hot, so I put my arm under it, and of course got burnt, for I had to lean my weight on it while I supported her with the other till I could rise and run off."

"That was the first time you went below, then."

"Yes, I think so. The infant was in what had been the mother's cabin. She died when we had only been at sea two days. The heat did not penetrate there so soon. The women had brought out the two elder children and their clothes, and had carried them to their own part of the ship, where they gave them something to eat, and dressed them. They then put them into the berths ready dressed, but all on a sudden we had to fetch them up."

Nannette at this moment was brought on deck with a slice of cake in her hand.

"Give me some of that," said Mr. Brandon, as Mrs. Brand set her down. "I want some—it looks so nice."

The child came close to him, and turning her cake round looked at it, and hesitated. "There's a big cake down there," she observed.

"But I want some of yours," he insisted. "Do spare a little bit for me." Whereupon she selected a particularly small plum, which she picked out, and put into his mouth, saying, "There! that's plenty."

"I am always charmed by the selfishness of childhood," said Tom, "it is quite touching in its pretty unconsciousness."

The little white-headed thing went on eating with great satisfaction, but presently she noticed that my uncle, who had come and seated himself close to us, was beckoning her with his finger, and she in-

stantly got up, and breaking off a good-sized piece of her cake, held it out to him, saying, "Does 'ou want a piece?—here."

"Look," said Tom, as the old man took the child on his knee, and they began to smile at one another, "you see he has won what you could not earn."

"But they never love us," I said, "as we love them."

"No; it is always the same story; they receive the love of one generation and they pay it to another. That little creature does not love Brandon any the more because he snatched her out of the fire; but twenty years hence, perhaps, she will love some other child all the better for the sake of that dimly remembered day."

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Mr. Brandon, "she can have no intelligent remembrance of it even now."

"Nanny," said my uncle, who had heard the remark, "where's the raft? Who took care of Nanny on the raft?"

The child pointed at Mr. Brandon with her finger. "He was very naughty that other day," she said, shaking her head, "but he's good now."

"Naughty, was he! I can hardly think it. Why what did he do?"

"He wouldn't show me the ducks."

"She means the cormorants," said Mr. Brandon. "Yes, I believe it's a true bill! In the dead calm we saw a few cormorants feeding not far off. They sat so low in the water that every little ripple passed over their backs. Only the head and neck of each was visible, like the stalk and bud of a water-lily, or a steam-vessel all under water excepting the funnel."

"You noticed that at such a time?" I inquired.

"Yes. Crayshaw thought at first they were water-snakes. We had often, of course, seen cormorants before, but we were then so absolutely on a level with the water that they looked differently. I leaned against the little mast, and held this *thing* up to watch them, and no doubt I put her down sooner than she liked."

"How keenly, when the mind is strained, one observes all sorts of unimportant things!"

"Yes, and their crowding in prevents the important ones from doing more than taking their turn. I never noticed so many things in my life as during that calm. The rare pale colours so fickle and so tender, that bloomed across the water here and there, the slightly ruffled patches of desert, where a flaw of wind was fainting away, and leaving it all sparkling like flocks of wings; outlandish drifts of sallow weed floating about, and seeming to be attracted by our raft."

"I am never so much alive as when I expect to die," said Tom."

"Yes, I was intensely alive then; I remember dreading to think what a world of killing I should want before I could give in!"

"Don't, man," said my uncle; and then went on to Tom, "You

were never in such danger in your life as when you crossed under that ship's bows the other night."

"I did not feel it. Of course I should have felt the raft. What a bore it is, Brandon, that the dull, and uneducated, and unimaginative should possess a dogged contempt for danger, and a kind of stupid fearlessness that we are never to have. I do not see how a highly imaginative man can have much animal courage."

"He has more resources," observed Mr. Brandon.

"And more pluck and daring," said Uncle Rollin. "Whatever name you may give to his courage, it generally serves his turn, boy!"

"And," continued Tom, "not only does the highly organised man perceive danger most keenly, but he feels pain most when the blow comes. Unless he is excited,—of course he cannot feel either fear or pain then; certainly not the fear of death."

"That is only because excitement takes us out of ourselves," said Mr. Brandon; "makes us forget ourselves as individuals, and become part of the company we are standing up with to strive. The familiar fact, that individuals fear death, often makes us take for granted that death is dreaded by the race. I do not believe it is. It is regarded as the great conclusion which we feel to be wanted. In fact, though death be an enemy, I believe the human race instinctively feels that it could not do without it, so long as it has crime, or even imperfection."

Uncle Rollin, when he said this, looked both surprised and displeased, and he went on,—

"And even as individuals—of course, none of us would like to die now, or soon, or at any specified time, and yet, if we were told to-day that we were all going to live for five hundred years, I don't think we should like it. We should get restless and fretful as children do if they pass the time when they should sleep."

"But," I said, "they scarcely ever like being put to bed."

"Any more than we do," said Tom; "that may be less because we fear to go to sleep, than because we know so little of the predicted waking."

"I mean, continued Mr. Brandon," that I think we wish for more in life, rather than for more of it; and that if it were to contain no new elements, I do not think the human race (if it might consider the question for itself as a whole) would care to have it lengthened."

"I don't agree with you," said Tom.

"No," said Uncle Rollin, "nor I, if the proportions of youth and age were to be the same as at present. Some people," he continued, "are fond of making out that a future state is to be very like this, only better, and that we are to have back again what we have lost here. I don't agree to that, either. We want something better and different, not better and like."

"But we wish to see our dead again," I said.

"Ay, child, but they did not satisfy us here, why should they there? I consider that for a permanent life we want many new powers, and I trust the Almighty that we shall have them. One of them is the power to be unwearied by possession and continuance."

He rose as he spoke, and, giving his finger to the child, walked off with her, and I followed. I thought he did not seem to be in such good spirits as usual, so I proposed my usual remedy—a lesson in navigation. He fell into the trap directly; and for more than an hour we worked away together. Then we came on deck, he to give some directions to the captain of the yacht, and I to find Tom and Mr. Brandon arguing away as if their lives depended on their decisions. It was delightful to see Tom so animated, and I was charmed with our guest for making him so.

A vehement, dogmatical man he seemed, and though he lay on his mattress with one arm in a sling, there was a fulness of life and an enthusiasm of feeling about him which made him appear more able-bodied than we did. He was prodigal of his speech, did not save up his thoughts as if he expected them one day to fail. He was not afraid to be fully alive now, lest he might flag afterwards. With him it was always springtide and full moon.

It was about one o'clock; we dined at four—too early to make much of a luncheon, but I thought some slices of cake, such as little Nannette had eaten, and some sandwiches would not be amiss, besides my patient was always hungry. So I left little Frances under his charge, and said I would go and order a picnic lunch to be spread on deck.

I certainly did not mean any harm; so when Tom followed me, as I was proceeding to Brand, the steward, to give my orders, I was quite surprised to be accosted with—"Dorothea! What can you mean by waiting on that man as if he was a superior being. Biscuits, too, that you were going to carry on deck yourself, I do believe—give them to me; I would much rather take them to him than that you should."

"But why am I not to attend to our guest?"

"You are too polite, too much interested. You listen to his talk as if nothing could be so important."

"So do you, Tom."

"You need not laugh and make a joke of the matter. I wish you would trouble yourself less about him; he does not return the compliment, and has quite a good enough opinion of himself without any spoiling from the ladies."

"Really, Tom, I think your alarm is quite uncalled for. I am never likely to see him again after he leaves the yacht."

I gave him the plate, and remained below till after dinner. Our guest had never shown any desire to talk to me. I went and came,

and it scarcely seemed to attract his observation ; but I did observe his presence or absence, and did wish that he should be comfortable. Surely, Tom could not dislike my being interested in an acquaintance.

However, I acted on his words, and did not see Mr. Brandon any more that day, excepting at tea-time ; but sent the children on deck with Mrs. Brand. We had light, baffling winds all night, and made very little way ; but the next morning, after breakfast, the wind changed, and I came on deck just to look about me. As usual, Tom and Mr. Brandon were arguing and discussing all sorts of things, and I was foolish enough to resent their taking no notice of me, and chose to go below, when I had an argument all to myself and with myself ; it concerned manners, morals, Tom, and a sea life, and it lasted till dinner-time without coming to any decision.

Mr. Brandon was much better that day, and, instead of lying on his mattress, paced the deck with Tom, and played with the children. My uncle sat a good deal reading, while I worked, and Tom now and then came and talked with me,

So the day passed. "You see," observed Tom—"you see he does not care for the society of ladies. So you need not trouble yourself about him."

As if out of mere perversity, Mr. Brandon, not five minutes after that, came into the cabin.

"Miss Graham, we are within sight of Southampton ; will you come on deck ?"

"No, thank you, I am busy ; but if you are going on deck, will you take this shawl to little Nannette ?"

He went away, but in five minutes appeared again.

"It is a superb evening ; indeed, you had better come. You must be dull sitting here all alone."

"But I have my work to finish."

"You are very industrious. This looks like something for one of my little orphans."

It was the frill of a mantle for Frances.

As I went on working, he sat down near me, took up the other end of the long frill, and inspected it.

"This is what you call whipping, is it not ? What a comfort needlework seems to be to ladies !"

"Yes, we could not live without it."

I believe I spoke more energetically than I had intended, for he looked up surprised. I was going to explain my words, when he said, "And yet the needlework that I see most ladies do is generally some trivial thing, not ennobled by being of much use—not like this."

"But better than nothing."

Instead of answering, he suddenly changed the subject.

"You must find this a desultory life. It is difficult to find settled employment at sea, and habitual life at sea is surely dull."

"It has not become habitual with me yet."

"It is circumscribed—a great change from the freedom of the shore."

"No; it is liberty compared with my land life—freedom, and freshness, and change. On shore I was at school, and had no holidays. I was not happy."

He looked attentively at me. "And you have been happy the last few days, I am sure of it." Again he inspected the frill. "You are happy in having this to make. I do not pity you at all for the trouble you are taking! You are happy in having those two little girls to watch over. I have known better all the time than to pity you when I have seen you running after them, while they tried to get into danger. You are even happy, and I know it, in having this arm of mine to look to. I am sure you will be sorry when we are gone away, and you have the yacht to yourself, and that old uncle of yours to laugh at all you say and think how clever you are."

"Perfectly true. I shall be sorry."

"What a comfort we have been to you!"

"Yes; when you are gone I must look out for some other people to supply your places."

"What, sail about in search of another raft! Only think of depending on shipwrecks for one's happiness and pleasure! No—no, don't flatter yourself that such good fortune will happen twice to the same person."

"I cannot imagine why you should think I expect or wish it. I should have been extremely happy before we fell in with the raft if it had not been for that terrible sea-sickness."

"I do not doubt it."

"And when you are gone the sickness will be over."

"Fortunate circumstance, calculated to let a man see that, even with the advantage of a wounded arm, a sea life can wash him clean out of a lady's memory."

We both laughed; but I did not suppose that I should forget him, and he did not speak as if he cared whether I remembered him or not.

"You have not been long yachting about, then?" he presently said.

"No, a very little while."

"And you like it?"

"I like it for the present. It is adventurous; besides I really sometimes feel that it is a glorious thing only to be alive—but to be alive and see this world and have time to learn, and time to think——"

"Yes, that is just what I feel," he interrupted; "but the thing is

to keep one's self up to such a state of mind and body, and not grow morbid and weak and discontented. I suppose that in that school of yours they gave you no lessons on the art of being whole-hearted, cheerful, and joyous?"

"O no."

"The more shame for them; then you must educate yourself in that matter."

"But I have often heard it said that the truest happiness is unconscious. And don't you think that to be often thinking and reasoning about it is in itself a morbid thing?"

"Are any of us who have come to years of discretion in that childlike state of unconscious happiness?"

"I am not."

"Nor I; but I am a great deal braver, cheerfuller, and heartier since I put myself to school to myself, and learnt the habit of being as a general rule in good spirits. I think, therefore, that to reason about the matter, if one does it rightly, is not morbid."

"I am fond of learning new things. I should like to teach myself this. What was the first lesson you gave yourself in the art?"

"I believe the first thing that set me thinking was an anecdote of a great actor, who complained that when he was acting in tragedy he became devoured by melancholy. While he was studying the character of 'Hamlet,' he lost his health from mental depression. Mournful and heartrending ideas suggested themselves to him, and he could not shake off the bearing that belonged to his hero. It became natural to him. After that I met with a very pleasant woman, a German actress, who told me she had completely spoilt her temper by acting viragos. On the most trifling occasions she could put herself into a fearful rage. It had ceased to be acting with her; she had so studied the passion of anger, and imitated its manifestations, that they got the better of her—and habit, at last, had made her a perfect fire-brand."

"Don't you think she exaggerated?"

"No; I suppose not. It was at a Swiss hotel that I saw her first; something put her out; it was a very hot night, and she flung her fan at one of the waiters—she told me this afterwards by way of excuse. I thought she was mad when I saw her do it; you never saw such an air of fury—her husband, a stout matter-of-fact man, observed that it was very inconvenient."

"And on that hint you began your own education?"

"That, and the observation of how involuntary sympathy makes other people imitate our moods and reflect them back upon us."

"Still it is an odd thing to set to work to aggravate oneself into being happy."

"I declare to you that I have tried it," he answered, laughing: "and I see you know what I mean. It is as easy as aggravating oneself into

being unhappy! You know how unfashionable it is now to be enthusiastic."

"I have read in books that it is. I know it is considered bad taste to be much astonished. People will not express great admiration even for very beautiful things, lest that should be thought a proof that they are not already familiar with all the most beautiful things in the world. So they think it grand to appear bored."

"That was nothing but imitation at first," he answered. "It arose from the misfortune of a few fashionable people, who were punished for their sins against all things beautiful and true and surprising, by being no longer able to enjoy anything heartily, or admire anything overwhelmingly, or believe anything devoutly. The consequence was that people who have seen next to nothing, and are not at all fashionable, try to begin as the others left off. They are so ashamed of enthusiasm, and have so schooled themselves to put down all ecstatic emotion, that the sentiment of awe has almost died out of their hearts; their sense of the sublime fades from being kept too long in the dark, and they can look on the Jungfrau as coolly as if it was a cabbage garden? What a hard task such people have accomplished—much harder than mine. Don't you think they would enjoy themselves much more if they were not weighed down by this vulgar fashion, if they had not weakened their power to admire by repressing the expression of it?"

"I think they could, and I think I have decided to learn the art of being in good humour and good spirits; but, Mr. Brandon, I foresee a difficulty which you have not provided against."

"What is that?"

"Whatever else my temper would stand, I am sure it would give way if I heard it said, as I often should do, 'Oh, there is no merit in her good temper, it is natural to her, it comes from a phlegmatic constitution.'"

"You think you could not stand that?"

"I am sure I could not. And there is another thing that would be like a dagger to my heart. Suppose I learned to take a cheerful view of things, and even when there were many things to worry and vex me, suppose I generally seemed to be whole-hearted and in good spirits—I mean years hence, when, no doubt, I should have troubles and some misfortunes to endure."

"Yes, I understand, and suppose it."

"And if, when I had learned to bear up well, to be sometimes glad and merry, generally cheerful, I heard people say, 'Ah, that shows how little feeling she has—we do not all feel equally; it is a proof of a cold heart to be so gay'—I consider it a sign of a frivolous disposition; and that sort of thing."

"Well, Miss Graham, finish your sentence."

In my earnestness I had stopped to look at him, and seeing that his eyes were brim full of laughter I paused discomfited.

"It will be very mean of them to treat you so," he exclaimed. "I am very angry with them beforehand, very angry."

Thereupon he indulged in a succession of laughter. Something seemed to delight him exceedingly; and it was so evident that the laugh was against me, that if we had not just then been talking of temper, it is possible that I might have shown him mine. As it was, I only inquired why he laughed.

"Because you talked so seriously," he answered; "as if you meant forthwith to give your mind to this art, as you have called it."

"That is just what I do mean. I want to learn something new and difficult; besides, if it can be learnt, it ought to be learnt."

He became serious on hearing this, and while I went on with my work he got up and began to pace the cabin floor. Presently he came back to his seat and said, in a regretful way,—

"I wish I had not talked such nonsense. I beg your pardon. To laugh at a good resolution is the last thing I should have thought myself capable of."

(To be continued.)

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